The Twilight Kingdom, by Will Schindler

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[Part One]

FRAXIN [OC]: Deral, what's happening? Your signal keeps fading in and out. Deral?
DERAL: I'm almost there. I'm only five, maybe six, spans away.
FRAXIN [OC]: I'm registering activity in the level below you.
DERAL: You're too late. Fraxin, I'm there. I made it. There's a, a structure ahead. Could be living quarters of some kind. These caverns are so damned dark it's hard to be sure of anything. I'm going to take a closer look on foot.
WOMAN [OC]: (sotto) I see you. Watch your back. Come back to us safely, my sweet, sweet love.
(Footsteps.)
KOTH: Lieutenant Deral. Lieutenant Shayru Deral.
FRAXIN [OC]: What's happening?
DERAL: I can hear him, Fraxin.
KOTH: You've done very well, Lieutenant, to come this far.
DERAL: Koth, show yourself.
KOTH: As you wish.
(Footsteps approach.)
DERAL: I'm sorry, Major, but you know why I'm here.
(Energy weapons fire.)
KOTH: Are you finished?
VOICE: Did you really think it would be that simple, Lieutenant? Did you?
DERAL: What are you? What, what, argh!
KOTH: Now, where was I?
(Rewinds recording.)
WOMAN [OC]: Come back to us safely, my sweet, sweet love.

(Sounds of insects chirping, rustle of vegetation.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, please, can we just stop? I mean, just for ten minutes. I'm hot, thirsty
C'RIZZ: And complaining again.
CHARLEY: Thank you, C'Rizz. Some of us aren't built for the jungle, you know. I'm just mere flesh and bone. Hot, tired flesh and bone, as it happens.
DOCTOR: Yes, you're right. She is complaining again. Design flaw with her species, I'm afraid.
C'RIZZ: She has flaws? Oh, I hadn't noticed.
CHARLEY: Oh, very funny. It's been two days since the Kro'ka sent us trekking into this jungle. I've got bruises up and down my legs, I'm being bitten to death by insects the size of tennis balls, and all you two can do is mock me. Charming. I take it we're no nearer to finding the Tardis, then.
DOCTOR: We're nearer. I can feel her. But how near is a good question. The old girl's doing her best, but it doesn't work like a road map.
C'RIZZ: You're tired as well, Doctor. Perhaps Charlotte's right. A rest might help us all.
DOCTOR: Well, I suppose it wouldn't hurt.
CHARLEY: Oh, thank heavens. And C'Rizz, again, stop calling me Charlotte.
DOCTOR: I think we should stop here. There you are. Somewhere nice and comfy for you, Charlotte.
CHARLEY: (sigh of relief) Look, Doctor, what exactly is going on here? I mean, one minute we're in Light City, the next we're in, well, the Amazon by the looks of it.
C'RIZZ: I wasn't aware my world had areas like this, Doctor. Although I like the

damp atmosphere. Reminds me of before the Company came.
DOCTOR: Yes, it is rather mysterious, isn't it. All these different zones sectioned off from one another. It could be a natural phenomenon. Then again
CHARLEY: You think it could be deliberate?
C'RIZZ: The Kromon?
DOCTOR: No, no, it would take something far more powerful than them. But without more information it's all just conjecture.
CHARLEY: Everything's always a mystery these days. Oh, what I'd give for a straight forward uncomplicated ham sandwich right now.
DOCTOR: Shush a moment.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: Shh, shh. C'Rizz, your ears are better than mine.
C'RIZZ: (sotto) Running water. Over there, I think. I can feel the moisture in the air.
CHARLEY: Oh, I thought we were suppose to be resting.
DOCTOR: Come on, Charley, don't dawdle. Don't you want a shower?
CHARLEY: Oh.

QUILLIAN: Commander, I'm picking up three traces moving towards the entrance of sector four.
VAYLA: (female)What are they using, a skimmer?
QUILLIAN: No, they seem to be on foot. And now two more traces, maybe twenty, twenty five spans behind the first three. Looks like they've got transport, judging by their speed.
VAYLA: Move to amber alert. I'll tell the Major.

CHARLEY: A waterfall.
DOCTOR: It's beautiful. Reminds me of the Jökulsá Canyon.
CHARLEY: Let me guess. The Eye of Orion?
DOCTOR: Iceland, actually. I had the most wonderful mud bath there. Of course, I'm unlikely to get the chance to do so again.
CHARLEY: Yes, well, I'd settle for an ordinary wash, if you don't mind.
(Splash!)
CHARLEY: Oh, that is heavenly.
C'RIZZ: Doctor, over here.
(Walks through vegetation.)
C'RIZZ: What do you think this is?
DOCTOR: The remnants of some sort of hoverskimmer, I think.
(Movement of metal pieces.)
DOCTOR: Ideal transport in this kind of terrain. It's taken a bit of a fall, though. The fuel chambers must have blown, judging by the amount of debris.
C'RIZZ: Wonder what happened to its owner?
DOCTOR: There's your answer, in the foliage.
C'RIZZ: A body.
DOCTOR: A skeleton, more like. That's odd. These scorch marks look relatively fresh. Can't be more than a few days old. If he really was in the skimmer, the rate of decomposition has been phenomenal.
C'RIZZ: It's coated in something.
DOCTOR: It feels like soil. It's everywhere. In the eye sockets, the mouth, all over the vertebrae.
C'RIZZ: It appears quite moist yet this ground is dry, which is odd this close to a waterfall.
DOCTOR: You'd noticed that, did you? Good. Now let's. Hang on, there's something in his hand. A locket! Looks like he was a father.
BRYN: You two! Put your hands above your head and remain still.
TYSUS: (female) Who are you and what are you doing here?
DOCTOR: Us? We, er, are just tourists. You know how it is. The day job starts getting you down, the grind of the nine to five. Nothing like a week in the jungle to clear the cobwebs.
TYSUS: What is that?

C'RIZZ: If you're referring to me, my name is C'Rizz.
TYSUS: Bryn, do you recognise the species?
BRYN: Never seen it before, ma'am.
TYSUS: We're too busy for this. Shoot them and conceal the corpses.
DOCTOR: Wait. Wait. We really are on an expedition. We're just trying to recover some lost property.
BRYN: Captain, over here. There's a body.
TYSUS: You two, move away slowly and keep still.
DOCTOR: Be sensible. It's skeletal. Whatever happened occured ages ago.
TYSUS: Are you with Koth?
DOCTOR: We're with no one. Look, I'm known as the Doctor, and believe it or not, my friend and I just stumbled on this ourselves. Oof!
TYSUS: I've lost two men to this jungle, and that pile of bones you're lying in is most likely one of them. Understand this. It's about expedience. I don't have the resources to take prisoners. If you give me the slightest resistance, I will shoot you where you stand. Am I clear?
DOCTOR: As crystal.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Oh, Doctor. How do you do it?

VAYLA: Who are they?
QUILLIAN: It's hard to tell, Commander. I'm just picking up bits with the long range scanners.
VAYLA: Could they be military?
QUILLIAN: Maybe, but one of them seems to be deliberately keeping out of the way of the others, like she's hiding.
VAYLA: Can't be another assault squad, not so soon.
QUILLIAN: Well, if they're recruits, they're certainly acting strangely.
VAYLA: And if they were military, they'd be more organised than this. We need more information before we act.
QUILLIAN: I'll take a team.
VAYLA: No, I don't want a fire fight.
QUILLIAN: But surely
VAYLA: Quillian, just go up on your own, stay hidden, and see what you can find out.

DOCTOR: Captain Tysus, I appreciate how limp our story sounds to you, but think about it. Neither of us is armed, we have no communications devices to speak of, and we're carrying food supplies and tents. Do we really look like soldiers to you?
TYSUS: Who said anything about soldiers? All right, I'll admit neither of you really cut it as potential mercenaries, but it's a known fact that Koth is recruiting dropouts and losers.
C'RIZZ: Thank you very much.
DOCTOR: And who is this Koth you keep mentioning?
TYSUS: Somewhere in this jungle we suspect the existence of a terrorist training facility. We believe it's under the command of Major Terrian Koth, a decorated war veteran of the Ondrokkan Defence Fleet.
DOCTOR: I've never heard of it. But then, that's not surprising. And you are here to flush him out?
TYSUS: Not quite.
DOCTOR: Well, if I was your renegade Major, I wouldn't place myself out in the heat of the jungle.
TYSUS: Meaning?
DOCTOR: I'd base myself underground, where scanners and sensors couldn't penetrate. Preferably next to a helpful supply of fresh water. Now look around you. What do you see?
BRYN: A waterfall.
DOCTOR: Yes, and behind it?
TYSUS: A cave mouth.
DOCTOR: Isn't that where you'd go?

TYSUS: All right, Doctor, you've earned yourself a reprieve for the moment. Bryn, you know the drill. Set up a mobile command unit.
BRYN: Yes, ma'am.
TYSUS: Take custody of
C'RIZZ: It's pronounced Keriz, Captain.
TYSUS: Whatever. Doctor, you're with me. We're going to take a closer look at those caves.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Oh, Doctor, now where are you going?
QUILLIAN: Keep still.
CHARLEY: (gasps) Who are you?
QUILLIAN: Don't turn around. Keep very still. You're next to a riva plant.
CHARLEY: A what?
QUILLIAN: They're almost blind, but they do react to movement.
CHARLEY: And then what do they do? Ow!
QUILLIAN: They sting.

(Skimmer lands. Footsteps on rock.)
VAYLA: Major Koth? Major?
KOTH: Yes, Vayla. What's troubling you?
VAYLA: We have more intruders. Five of them, by the waterfall entrance at sector four.
KOTH: And this troubles you?
VAYLA: The frequency of the incursions does. Sooner or later, our position here will become untenable.
KOTH: You think we should leave.
VAYLA: I don't think it will be long before the decision will be forced upon us.
KOTH: Vayla, we are almost finished. Our preparations here are nearing completion, not just in this camp, but in the others too.
VAYLA: You mean
KOTH: We are close, so close now. Oh, you've lost so much, Vayla. All of us have. And soon, those who have wronged us, soon they will pay the full blood price.

CHARLEY: My hand's gone numb! How poisonous are those things?
QUILLIAN: Try and keep your voice down. And the answer to your question is very.
CHARLEY: What!
QUILLIAN: If we don't act fast, the paralysis will spread up your arm and attack your whole nervous system. You won't be able to so much as blink. Fortunately, there's a cure.
CHARLEY: An antidote?
QUILLIAN: Not quite, but heat degrades the toxin. I can use my gun to heat up your water flask.
CHARLEY: I'm not putting my hand in boiling water.
QUILLIAN: You are if you ever want to blink again. Besides, it's not quite boiling. Here, use this stick to bite down on. Ready?
CHARLEY: Mmmph.
QUILLIAN: Right then.
(Charley screams.)

DOCTOR: Before we go in, Captain, I found this locket on the body by the skimmer.
(Click of locket opening.)
TYSUS: Oh, that confirms it. That body, his name is Lieutenant Fraxin. Those are his children.
DOCTOR: I am sorry.
TYSUS: The thing is, he and Deral, we only lost comms with them two days ago. What strips the flesh from a body at that speed?
DOCTOR: I don't know, but perhaps the answer's down here.

TYSUS: You go in first. And remember I'll have a gun on you all the way.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: There really is no need for all this paranoia. I wish you'd argh!
(Buzzing noise.)
TYSUS: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Something, something in my mind.

KOTH: Tell your people I will address them this afternoon.
VAYLA: Very well, Major.
KOTH: But first we must oh!
(Buzzing noise.)
VAYLA: Major? Major, are you all right?
KOTH: Yes. Yes, Commander. I'm fine. (noise stops) How very interesting.

(The Doctor is still suffering with the noise, then it fades.)
TYSUS: Are you all right?
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, I will be. Something touched my mind. Something very powerful indeed.
TYSUS: Interesting. Just as we entered these caves. Some kind of defence system?
DOCTOR: Perhaps. But it didn't affect you, and it seemed to be as surprised as I was by the connection. This Koth, does he have telepathic abilities?
TYSUS: No, of course not. He's Ondrokkan, just like me. Did you learn anything?
DOCTOR: I don't know. It was a raw, intense, almost overwhelming emotion.
TYSUS: What kind of emotion?
DOCTOR: Rage. Pure rage.

(Back outside in the jungle.)
BRYN: This is Sergeant Bryn to scout ship. Do you read me?
C'RIZZ: I don't think they
BRYN: Be quiet. Please respond, scout ship.
(Static.)
BRYN: It looks like we're on our own.
C'RIZZ: I could have told you that. You see, the Doctor thinks we may
BRYN: I can't understand it. We checked the communications system before we left the ship.
C'RIZZ: May I ask, what world do you think you're on now?
BRYN: Setarus, of course. Why?
C'RIZZ: Just wondered. Look, is it really necessary to keep me tied up? I'm not really very good at being dangerous.
BRYN: I don't think you represent too much of a threat. I just can't be bothered to keep an eye on you, that's all.
C'RIZZ: I don't understand. This Koth character. Your Captain seemed to think he was some kind of war hero.
BRYN: He *was* one of the most venerated soldiers in our Fleet. Ever been to Ondrokkan?
C'RIZZ: Ever seen anyone like me on Ondrokkan before?
BRYN: Ondrokkan is by and large a peaceful world. We have six major continents policed by a Global Defence Fleet. But over the years, as we've expanded our trading routes, so we've attracted enemies. Other worlds in this sector of space don't quite share our affluence.
C'RIZZ: Perhaps you don't share enough of it with them.
BRYN: Arguably. But our enemies have found a way to hurt us. Terrorist attacks on civilians tend to turn the heads of politicians.
C'RIZZ: Terrorists.
BRYN: Well armed and well equipped. And with uncomfortably accurate insights into our weaknesses.
C'RIZZ: And Koth is one of them? A double agent.

BRYN: No, no, far from it. Koth was stationed in Baytara, one of the largest cities on Ondrokkan. A lot of the Defence Fleet's administration was based there. Baytara was an island. It supposedly made it more secure. But no one could have foreseen what happened.

DOCTOR: The terrorists attacked Baytara?
TYSUS: There was an outbreak of Kestila sickness, a lethal disease most thought had been eliminated centuries ago. They must have grown the spores on one of the outer worlds. Trouble was, we had no natural defence for it, certainly no vaccine. Baytara was consumed within days, every single lifeform on the island wiped out.
DOCTOR: So what's Koth's connection?
TYSUS: That's where he'd settled. He was on a deep space mission then, but his wife and children were there.
DOCTOR: I don't understand. I know the military mind, Captain. Even in the face of personal tragedy a man like that would hold true to his values. Why turn renegade?
TYSUS: They didn't want to distract him from his mission, so they held the news back. Meanwhile the government, scared the disease might cross to the mainland, chose to atomise the island. When Koth found out, there weren't even bodies to bury.
DOCTOR: And that's when he defected.
TYSUS: Not immediately. Koth denounced them publicly, eventually he disappeared, or so we thought. But he decided he could do a better job of protecting the people than the government could.
DOCTOR: He set up his own army?
TYSUS: At first we didn't take him seriously, then reports started coming in of defections. Key personnel of the type who could really make a difference fleeing, we discovered, to an unexplored world, Setarus.
DOCTOR: And so you've been sent here, or rather, to Setarus, to find him.
TYSUS: Meanwhile, the terrorists continued attacking and Koth's army became an urban myth to a nervous populace. A symbol of hope. And now, well, now he could be the biggest problem of the lot.
DOCTOR: And what will you do when you find him? It sounds like he needs help, not a laser blast through the head.
TYSUS: I'm a soldier, not a therapist. I have two options. Retrieve him or close him down. I've lost two men already. What would you do?

QUILLIAN: How's your hand?
CHARLEY: Sore.
QUILLIAN: Be grateful you've still got it. Amputation would have been the next step.
CHARLEY: You have my eternal thanks. And should you ever sit on one of those riva plants, it would give me great pleasure to return the favour.
QUILLIAN: Come on.
CHARLEY: Where are we going?
QUILLIAN: Somewhere safe, and via a much swifter route than your friends took.

KOTH: They're coming, just like I told you they would.
VOICE: We must have more.
KOTH: Vayla says the recruits are unhappy. I've told her we're nearing completion.
VOICE: This troubles you.
KOTH: No, but
VOICE: It show hesitation.
VOICE 2: It has no free will.
VOICE: We should unmake it.
KOTH: I'm sorry.

VOICE: It is sorry.
(The voices laugh. Lots of them.)

TYSUS: If there is a base down here, they're dug in deep.
DOCTOR: Have you noticed something, by the way?
TYSUS: No, should I?
DOCTOR: Give me your torch. Now, look at these walls. Where do you think this half-light's coming from?
TYSUS: Natural luminance?
DOCTOR: So you'd think, but look at the rock. It's not like any rock I've ever seen before. Look at it closely. And it's quite densely packed. Not a thing coming off it. Yet stand back, and there's light.
TYSUS: Well, there is some form of life down here. They look like Grelligs.
DOCTOR: Grelligs?
TYSUS: Rodents. Well, that all but confirms it. They're indigenous to Ondrokkan. Major Koth must have had a few stowaways in his hold.
DOCTOR: They seem very excited by something.
(Distant squeaking.)
DOCTOR: Ah, that explains it.
TYSUS: What.
DOCTOR: See for yourself. Another body.

VAYLA: Who's this, Sub-Commander?
QUILLIAN: I don't know, but she's not military.
VAYLA: Are you hurt?
QUILLIAN: She got stung by a riva. I had to boil out the poison.
CHARLEY: What is this place?
JANTO:This place? This place is the death of hope. It's a sunless, airless cavern of doom. It is, in short, the birthplace of the revolution. Welcome.
VAYLA: Janto.
JANTO: I'm sorry. I'm not toeing the party line, am I. Naughty Janto.
VAYLA: Stop wittering and fetch a medkit. You're welcome, whoever you are.
CHARLEY: I'm called Charley.
VAYLA: Once you've had your hand bandaged, we'll need to debrief you.
JANTO: Give the girl a chance. Come on, Charley. These assassins of joy can interrogate you later.
(Footsteps recede.)
VAYLA: Did you learn anything about the others?
QUILLIAN: A couple of them are on the way down. We should be able to pick them up with the surveillance cameras. The others are on the surface. Two of them at least look like Ondrokkan military.
VAYLA: Is Doran with them?
QUILLIAN: I don't know, but the girl should he able to tell you. How's about a little quid pro quo, Vayla.
VAYLA: What do you mean?
QUILLIAN: Well, you spoke with the Major earlier. Care to share anything?
VAYLA: Still paranoid, Quillian?
QUILLIAN: Oh, I call it healthy scepticism.
VAYLA: There's news. I can't tell you more, but there's positive news. Right now, trust me, if Doran is here, we must help him.

DOCTOR: It's like the body on the surface.
TYSUS: You mean Fraxin.
DOCTOR: All the flesh has been stripped from it. The bones are almost polished. And then there's this soil again. It's everywhere.
TYSUS: Well, that doesn't mean much. These caves seem to be lined with it.
DOCTOR: Yes, but where does it come from? Look at the ground, it's hard and dry. Just like the walls, in fact. Yet this stuff is moist, rich.
TYSUS: Your point being?

DOCTOR: I don't know.
TYSUS: All very well, Doctor, but given what happened to Fraxin, I'm willing to bet this is Deral, my other missing officer.
DOCTOR: If it is, I still can't account for the rate of decomposure.
TYSUS: Could it be some form of biological weapon?
DOCTOR: Now there's a nasty thought.
(Click of two way radio.)
TYSUS: Sergeant Bryn, do you read me?
BRYN [OC]: (faint and static) Receiving, Captain.
TYSUS: Have you established comms with the scout ship?
BRYN [OC]: Say again, Captain. You're breaking up with (static)
TYSUS: It just gets better and better.

(Near the waterfall.)
BRYN: Captain. Captain Tysus. This is Bryn. Do you read me?
(Static.)
C'RIZZ: They must be down too deep now for your signal to penetrate.
BRYN: Oh, you don't say.
C'RIZZ: Sergeant Bryn, whatever left that body by the skimmer, it might still be out there.
BRYN: The thought had occured to me.
C'RIZZ: There's something I haven't told you. There's someone else travelling with us. She's called Charlotte Pollard.
BRYN: Why didn't you mention this before?
C'RIZZ: Because we didn't know whether you were friendly or not.
BRYN: Where is she?
C'RIZZ: I don't know, but she was bathing by the waterfall when you found us.
BRYN: And you expect me to leave you unguarded while I go off on this wild goose chase.
C'RIZZ: I assure you, these ropes are quite secure. Check them if you want.
BRYN: If this is a trick. Oh, all right. One quick recce before nightfall might be sensible anyway.

JANTO: Won't your friends be worried about you?
CHARLEY: Oh, I'm sure. But it won't stop them getting into an even worse mess. At least, that's the way it usually works.
(Janto laughs. Charley expresses pain.)
JANTO: I'm sorry. This isn't really my speciality.
CHARLEY: Don't you have a doctor here?
JANTO: Well, we did, but. Well, now you come to mention it, I'm not really sure. I think he got promoted or something. Tall fellow, or, no, was it a fat one? (doubtful) Yes, I'm sure we had a fat doctor.
CHARLEY: I'll take that as a no, then. Remind me not to break any limbs while I'm down here.
JANTO: Oh no, you don't want to do that.
CHARLEY: What is this place, if it's not for medicine?
JANTO: This? This is my lab. The nerve centre of the revolution, don't you know.
CHARLEY: Oh, you're a scientist.
JANTO: Used to be. But then there's a lot of us down here who used to.

(Moving through foliage.)
BRYN: Naked female. Yeah, right. In your dreams, Bryny boy.
(Gun cocks.)
BRYN: Who's there? Show yourself or I'll open fire. Oh. You? Stand still or I will shoot. I said, stand still!
(Weapons fire. Footsteps approaching.)
BRYN: No! Keep back!

DOCTOR: There's a foothold to your right. Got it? That's it. Now, jump the last bit. (thump) It would have been easier if you'd thrown your rifle down first.
TYSUS: I'd sooner hack a limb off.
DOCTOR: Are you always so melodramatic? What exactly are you going to do if you find this nest of rebels, call your friend on the surface down and surround them?
TYSUS: Once I've got a positive sighting, we'll go back up again and I'll call in reinforcements. If Koth refuses to negotiate, I'll seal these caves permanently.
QUILLIAN: That won't be necessary. Drop the gun, and I mean drop it, because if you don't we can arrange to hack that limp off for you.
(Gun dropped.)
QUILLIAN: Thank you. And what about you?
DOCTOR: Sorry, don't carry guns.
QUILLIAN: Orvik, check his pockets.
ORVIK: Nothing, Sub-Commander.
QUILLIAN: Well now, don't you two make a pair. Don't worry, you'll get your positive sighting soon enough. I'm sure the Major will be very keen to meet you.

DOCTOR [OC]: Melodramatic. What exactly are you going to do if you find this nest of rebels, call your friend on the surface
KOTH: Can you see it? Can you see the universe through him?
VOICE: This man, he stinks of places, of other worlds. He reeks of it.
VOICE 2: He does not have fear?
VOICE: We will show him fear. Show him.
VOICE 2: So that we may taste it.
VOICES: (many, overlapping) Show him. Show him. Taste it. Universe.

(Hubbub of crowd.)
CHARLEY: So what goes on in here, then?
JANTO: This? This is the main training area, where all the recruits learn how to break people's necks. Lovely stuff. You hear them in the mess, all but dribbling about how they want to help people, then they come here and Quillian shows them how to kick seven sh
VAYLA: Ignore him, Charley. Underneath that cynical old shell beats the heart of a rebel. Isn't that right, Janto?
JANTO: Oh, Vayla, you say the sweetest things.
VAYLA: Quillian.
QUILLIAN: It's proving a profitable day. Two more for you.
DOCTOR: Charley, you're all right. I was so worried. What happened to your hand?
CHARLEY: Oh, it's nothing. Just a burn. Where's C'Rizz?
DOCTOR: Out of trouble, I hope.
(A cheer and applause.)
VAYLA: It's the Major. He wants to make an announcement.
JANTO: Hallelujah.
KOTH: My friends.
DOCTOR: It's him?
TYSUS: It's him.
KOTH: First of all, I'd like to thank all of you for the hard work and dedication you have shown to our cause. Your daily efforts are in themselves an inspiration. But, even as we toil, so do our enemies, which is why we must remain vigilant. More positively, we continue to attract new recruits, and today we are fortunate to welcome two more members to our extended family.
(Applause.)
TYSUS: Bryn!
CHARLEY: Doctor, it's C'Rizz.
DOCTOR: Yes, but something doesn't look right.
KOTH: I spoke of the need for vigilance, and even as we greet new friends, our enemies continue their attempts to sabotage our plans. Quillian, bring forward the prisoners.

(Footsteps.)
KOTH: Sergeant Bryn, please identify the woman on the left.
BRYN: Her name is Tysus. She's a Captain in the Ondrokkan Defence Fleet.
TYSUS: Bryn.
KOTH: And what are her orders?
BRYN: To locate you and close down your operations here.
KOTH: Please be so good as to draw your weapon. You're an expert marksman, are you not?
BRYN: That's correct, sir.
TYSUS: Bryn, what's happened to you?
KOTH: Sergeant, these people are your enemies. They are guilty of crimes against the Ondrokkan people. You are now formally given the order of execution. You will now carry out that order.
DOCTOR: Don't listen to him. He's manipulating you.
TYSUS: Bryn!
(Weapons fire. Thump. Cheers.)
KOTH: Reload your weapon.
DOCTOR: Concentrate, man. You're being controlled.
KOTH: Take aim.
DOCTOR: Try and remember why you came here.
KOTH: Fire!

[Part Two]

BRYN: Er, there was a mission.
DOCTOR: That's it, concentrate.
KOTH: Bryn, you have been given a direct order.
JANTO: Major, wait. This man. I believe he is Dorin, a scientific strategist from home.
VAYLA: It's true, Major. We've been expecting Dorin and his aide for days now.
KOTH: Has anybody actually asked him? Well? Is that what you are? A scientific strategist?
DOCTOR: Some might say so.
KOTH: Really? All right, Bryn, you can stop flapping now. Vayla. Please endeavour to authenticate our guest's identity.
VAYLA: Yes, sir.
KOTH: But keep him and his friend under lock and key until you do. We can always reconvene if you can't.
VAYLA: Sir.
KOTH: Keep me informed.
(Footsteps recede.)
DOCTOR: It seems I owe you my life.
VAYLA: You're in luck. It's not every day Janto starts leaping in front of loaded guns.
DOCTOR: Are public executions the norm around here?
JANTO: No, they are not. What the hell was all that about, Vayla?
VAYLA: That's enough.
JANTO: Don't tell me you condone it. I know you too well.
VAYLA: I said, enough, Janto.
DOCTOR: I really think Bryn needs some help. I don't think he's quite himself.
VAYLA: He'll be looked after. But I should be more concerned about your own situation. We still have to verify *your* identity. And trust me, if you're not Dorin, then what happened to your friend will seem an act of mercy by comparison.

QUILLIAN: Our living quarters are a bit spartan, I'm afraid. You do sleep on a bed?
C'RIZZ: Not usually, but this will do.
QUILLIAN: Bryn, are you okay?
BRYN: That woman I killed

QUILLIAN: Was a spy and an enemy agent. It's one of the Major's gifts, routing out infiltrators.
BRYN: She seemed familiar.
C'RIZZ: Her name was Tysus.
BRYN: Oh. It means nothing to me. But then there's you. Have we met before?
C'RIZZ: On the surface, remember?
QUILLIAN: Don't worry. New recruits often suffer a bit of disorientation. Living this far underground takes a bit of getting used to. Execution was probably asking a little bit too much too soon.
BRYN: Are you with someone? That man with Tysus?
C'RIZZ: Yes, we met earlier in the jungle. By the crashed skimmer?
QUILLIAN: Like I said, it's quite natural. You'll adapt.
C'RIZZ: How long did it take you?
QUILLIAN: I can't really remember now. Your senses get affected too. Funny thing is, when we do finally leave these caves, I'll miss them. They've been a safe haven for us.
C'RIZZ: How long have you been down here?
QUILLIAN: Long enough. Meanwhile, we need to get you both settled in. I'll get Janto to give you the guided tour.

(Footsteps.)
VAYLA: We'll try and clear this up as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, I suggest you rest.
DOCTOR: In a prison cell.
VAYLA: For the moment.
CHARLEY: What exactly have I done, by the way?
VAYLA: As you clearly know one another, I'm hardly going to let you have the run of the camp. And I wouldn't try anything stupid. This defence screen contains energies concentrated enough to reduce you to pulp.
(Footsteps recede.)
DOCTOR: Don't we even get a cup of tea?
CHARLEY: Doctor, what happened back there?
DOCTOR: I'm not entirely sure I know. Only what we saw. A man coldbloodedly shoot his commanding officer in the head.
CHARLEY: Was he a traitor all along, then?
DOCTOR: He might have been, but I don't think so. There was no betrayal about him, no glee, no sorrow, nothing. No emotion at all. He hardly seemed aware of what he was doing. If I had to hazard a guess, I'd say some form of mental control.
CHARLEY: And three guesses who's responsible.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't rush to conclusions just yet, but there's certainly something in these caves capable of exerting a telepathic influence. I felt it myself when I entered them.
CHARLEY: Well, I didn't feel anything. But then I'm not an all-powerful Time Lord.
DOCTOR: It's not just that. You know, I've known rebels in my time, helped overthrow the odd regime.
CHARLEY: Show-off.
DOCTOR: But there's a quality they've all had in common. A hunger, a desire, if you like. But that lot back there, they're different. I don't know what it is, but there's a stench about them, Charley.

C'RIZZ: What are they doing?
JANTO: Practicing scenarios. Our enemies are well organised and well hidden. They're spread on many different worlds, even out in space, so we try and prepare for every possibility.
VAYLA: Janto, where's Bryn?
JANTO: Resting. He needs a while to settle in. Perhaps asking him to put a laser bolt through someone's skull wasn't the best way of welcoming him.
VAYLA: All right, you've made your point.

JANTO: I'm just giving C'Rizz the guided tour, Commander.
VAYLA: You've had no problems acclimatising, then.
C'RIZZ: None so far.
VAYLA: You know, I'm familiar with over forty different alien species in this region of space, and yet you are something completely new to me. Care to shed some light?
C'RIZZ: I'm Eutermesan.
VAYLA: And I'm the Whore Queen Babayesh. What's a Eutermesan?
JANTO: What's it look like.
VAYLA: My patience isn't infinite, Janto. Well?
C'RIZZ: There really is no mystery. I'd be happy to sit and tell you all about my people.
VAYLA: Excellent. And while you're at it, perhaps you'd care to explain how and why you're here. No Ondrokkan agent that's come near to this camp has escaped to tell the tale. This location is one of the most sought after secrets in the sector, and yet here you are.
C'RIZZ: I'm not an agent of your government.
VAYLA: You know, there's a very simple way to establish the truth.
JANTO: Vayla? You can't.
VAYLA: Janto, I've taken about as much insubordination from you as I'm going to today. Don't push me. Well, C'Rizz. How's about we settle this for once and for all?
C'RIZZ: I have nothing to hide.
VAYLA: Good. Oh, and did I mention this could be unpleasant?

QUILLIAN: Attention, attention. This is Central Command to all sectors. As of midnight tonight, food rations will be decreased by ten percent for one cycle, after which the situation will be reviewed. Your cooperation is appreciated.
(Tannoy switched off.)
KOTH: Morale will dip.
QUILLIAN: Major. I didn't hear you come in.
KOTH: But you must ensure they hold their nerve. We are so close now.
QUILLIAN: Everyone is behind you, sir. Morale will hold. But if you'll allow me, it's hard to maintain a tight infrastructure when people keep getting transferred. We lost three more last month. They went to join the others at North Camp, but we've not heard from them since. If we ran a tighter ship
KOTH: You have a problem with Commander Vayla?
QUILLIAN: Some organisational issues could be better maintained.
KOTH: How diligent of you, Sub-Commander. Think you could handle it better, do you?
QUILLIAN: It's just that we're not replacing the people who move on.
KOTH: Then it is essential that we have new recruits. Utilise our agents in the field. The Ondrokkan people are scared and lost. They see us as their salvation. Prompt them. Encourage them to leave the planet and head towards us. Bring them to me. They are our life blood, Quillian.

VAYLA: Roll up your sleeve.
C'RIZZ: A truth serum?
VAYLA: A rather simplistic way of putting it.
JANTO: Vayla, for your own sake, don't do this.
VAYLA: Look at him. Haven't you noticed?
JANTO: What?
VAYLA: His colour. It's changed since he arrived. Darker, greyer.
C'RIZZ: My skin adapts to its environment. It's merely adjusting to the darkness of these caverns.
VAYLA: You see? You see how much we don't know?
JANTO: But he's not exactly avoiding your questions. Why do this?
VAYLA: Because this one's different.
C'RIZZ: No, I'm not.
JANTO :Why stop at him? Why not pump it into the two in the holding cells while

you're at it? Think about it. Think about what you're doing.
C'RIZZ: I said I'm not different. I'm a man. I may *look* different, but I am simply a man with the same principles, dignity, and self-respect as any of you.
VAYLA: I'm sorry. I have to know. Roll up your sleeve.
JANTO: Listen to him.
C'RIZZ: Is this what your army stands for? Execution and torture?
VAYLA: I won't ask again.
C'RIZZ: Is this what *you* stand for, Commander? Because I don't accept that.
VAYLA: Why?
C'RIZZ: Your eyes tell me so.
(Big pause.)
VAYLA: All right, C'Rizz. I'll take you at your word. But if you prove me wrong, I'll pull the trigger myself.

DOCTOR: It's funny. You can travel all over one universe, then turn up in another, and it's still all about opening locked doors. Who says there isn't a greater pattern at work?
(Sonic screwdriver whirrs.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, what are you doing?
DOCTOR: I'm trying to get out, of course.
CHARLEY: And then where? Into the Tardis and off we go? Only, oh yes, we've lost the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Have we really, though? I have the strangest feeling about the old girl.
CHARLEY: Yes, but are your strange feelings going to get us anywhere? Why don't you just accept that we're not getting out of it.
DOCTOR: Charley, I don't fancy hanging around here until they find out they've got the wrong people. In case you hadn't noticed, they don't exactly lay on tea and fruitcake for visitors.
CHARLEY: I'd have thought you'd be interested in helping them.
DOCTOR: What?
CHARLEY: These rebels. They're fighting for something they believe in.
DOCTOR: How do you know what they're fighting for?
CHARLEY: That man who saved you.
DOCTOR: Janto.
CHARLEY: He helped me with my hand. He's not a murderer. You heard what he said. He was as horrified as we were.
DOCTOR: Trust me, Charley, there's nothing scarier than a well-meaning freedom fighter. They don't usually stop until there's

DOCTOR [OC]: No one left standing.
CHARLEY [OC]: Well, you're always so quick to judge, Mister I've Organised More Rebellions Than You've Had Hot Dinners.
DOCTOR [OC]: Charley, if you're developing a political consciousness, I'm absolutely delighted. I'd be happy to spend many hours debating with you, but right now I want to deactivate these defence beams.
(Sonic screwdriver.)
KOTH: Now. Do it now.

DOCTOR: Hang on a minute, I think I've tripped it.
CHARLEY: Well, there's a simple way to find out.
DOCTOR: Charley!
(Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: I don't feel like a puddle of pulp, so I think you must have unlocked it.
DOCTOR: Come on.
(Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Where to?
DOCTOR: Just a little scout around, and then we'll try and find out where C'Rizz

has got to.
CHARLEY: Your sixth sense isn't telling you the Tardis is just round the corner, is it?
DOCTOR: Sorry. Though oddly enough I can still feel her presence like a little voice nagging me at the back of my mind.
CHARLEY: So what's this place for, then?
DOCTOR: Must be the armoury, judging by the hardware. That's the other depressing reality about this universe. People can still find very efficient ways of killing each other.
CHARLEY: It all looks a bit rusty.
DOCTOR: Yes. Not exactly the sort of stuff you'd trust in a tight spot.
CHARLEY: It's like scrap metal.
DOCTOR: It's curious. The ammunition stocks seem even less well-maintained. And look at this dangerous wiring. A good way to link the various cavern levels together for lighting and communications, but it's so slap dash. Yet that defence screen was quite advanced.
CHARLEY: There's somebody coming.
DOCTOR: Against the wall.
CHARLEY: I'm sure I saw someone.
DOCTOR: Well, there's only one way he could have gone. By the way, have you noticed something about these walls?
CHARLEY: Yes, there's a slight sting when you touch them. Makes me feel a bit sick.
DOCTOR: Not the nicest of sensations, is it. Certainly isn't like any kind of rock I'm familiar with.
(Noise.)
CHARLEY: What was that?
DOCTOR: Our stalker, would you believe. Look.
CHARLEY: That's just a pile of soil. It can't be. There was someone there, I'm sure of it.

(Bubbling water.)
JANTO: Ah, beautiful, even if I say so myself.
QUILLIAN: Busy, are we, Janto?
JANTO: Ah. What do you want, Quillian? It's been a hell of a day.
QUILLIAN: And you're what, cooking up a little solution to take your mind off things?
JANTO: There have been a few nights when you haven't exactly said no.
QUILLIAN: Recreation is one thing, but there are people here working their arses off. And then there's you, holed up in this lab every day, quietly getting out of your skull.
JANTO: Was there something you wanted?
QUILLIAN: I have news for you. The Major has authorised the extra space you were asking for. Part of Blue sector will be converted into a secondary lab.
JANTO: Excellent. Thank you. Go away.
QUILLIAN: Don't suppose there's any danger of you actually doing something with it, hmm? Something productive?
JANTO: Have you ever asked yourself why Koth needs a scientist? What kind of work I might just be contributing to the great cause?
QUILLIAN: I've always assumed your area was bioweaponry. I can see an elegant irony in attacking our enemies with such things.
JANTO: Elegant irony. Ha! Listen to yourself. You've been down here too long.
QUILLIAN: You're not a soldier. If you were, you'd understand. This is a war. If you want to win, you have to prepare meticulously.
JANTO: There's meticulous, and then there's endless. Don't you think it's odd we never hear from the other camps?
QUILLIAN: Sensible precaution, I'd have thought.
JANTO: What about your friends, then? Torrin, Falma, Sula and the rest. They spent months down here. You ate with them, lived with them, drank some of this with them. Where are they now?

QUILLIAN: (sighs) They were promoted. This is the primary camp. Makes sense to spread our resources thinly.
JANTO: And you don't question it.
QUILLIAN: We all lost people we cared for in Baytara. Major Koth most of all. I trust him, even if he chooses to recruit wasters like you, Janto.

CHARLEY: Urgh! Rats!
(Lots of rodents squealing.)
DOCTOR: No. Grelligs, apparently.
CHARLEY: Well, what's wrong with them?
DOCTOR: I don't know, but they do seem rather agitated.
CHARLEY: They're all moving towards those rocks.
DOCTOR: I think it leads to the cavern below us. Here, give me a hand.
(Rocks being moved.)
CHARLEY: Oh, I don't believe it. There must be thousands of them down there. Urgh, it's disgusting. Are they dead?
DOCTOR: Not judging by the noise they're making. Hibernation, maybe? Look at the bottom of the cavern. It's lined with that soil again. They're almost burrowing into it.
CHARLEY: But the new ones, they're like lemmings. Oh, it's horrible. They look demented.
KOTH: Look into her mind. What do you see?
VOICE: What is England? What is summer?
VOICE 2: What are roses? What does plum pudding taste of?
VOICE: Does she taste of plum pudding?
KOTH: Patience. Patience.

QUILLIAN: Commander, your prisoners. They've escaped.
VAYLA: What!
QUILLIAN: Orvik just did a check. The defence screen's disabled and the cell's empty.
VAYLA: Have you got a lock on their traces?
QUILLIAN: They're the only two down here without comms badges. We've managed to isolate their patterns in auburn sector four.
VAYLA: Get after them, and take Bryn with you. They mustn't reach the surface. If you can't bring them back, shoot them down.

(A distant alarm.)
DOCTOR: Sounds like they've noticed our absence. I suggest we get moving.
CHARLEY: Yes, but where to?
DOCTOR: Can you hear water?
CHARLEY: Yes.
DOCTOR: Come on, that might be just what we need.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Well, this is more like it, Charley. A stream. If we can trace it to the surface
CHARLEY: Doctor.
DOCTOR: If the water flow is being channelled through that far wall
CHARLEY: Look!
DOCTOR: Then I think the source might. What?
CHARLEY: The water. Look at it. Look at the colour. It's blood.

JANTO: Fantastic security, Vayla. Who forgot to lock the back door, then?
VAYLA: Not now, Janto. Can you track their patterns?
JANTO: Yes, I've got them. Ah, they've made some headway. They're just crossing into sector five now.
C'RIZZ: I heard the alarms. What happened?
VAYLA: The prisoners have escaped. How far behind are Quillian and Bryn?
JANTO: At this pace, they should be able to intercept them before they break

into the upper levels.
C'RIZZ: And if they don't?
VAYLA: We can't afford for them to break out. One way or another, they're not making it to the surface.
C'RIZZ: Do you still believe that I'm an infiltrator, Commander Vayla?
VAYLA: No. No, I don't. But I don't think you're telling me the whole truth. And your face is certainly less easy to read than Janto's.
JANTO: Thanks.
VAYLA: But no, I'm not going to get the truth serum out again, if that's what you're worried about.
C'RIZZ: Then please trust me when I say the two people you are pursuing are not a danger to you.
JANTO: (laughs) Tell me, C'Rizz. Your species. Low in numbers, are they?
C'RIZZ: Why?
JANTO: You're frighteningly trusting.
C'RIZZ: I believe that Vayla is an individual of integrity.
JANTO: (laughs) Terrifyingly trusting.
VAYLA: But you don't understand why I can be so ruthless.
C'RIZZ: I was brought up in the ways of peace, of serenity. But since meeting the Doctor and Charlotte, I've learnt to see that there's, well, more to it than that, sadly.
VAYLA: We all do what we must, C'Rizz. Occasionally you get to choose the journey you take. Occasionally our choices are made for us. And occasionally, we have no choice at all. My parents died in a transport crash when I was a child.
C'RIZZ: I'm sorry.
VAYLA: Don't be. I'm not. Not now, anyway. But my sister, Susa, I mean, I'm a battler, but she was always weaker. She used to use it as an excuse. That's why she had no friends at school. That's why she never found a partner. That's why she never held down a job for long. Always the victim, you see. Ultimately, that's why she stayed in Baytara. And, you know, I could have taken her out of there just before the virus struck. Just for once, things went my way. I came into some money, bought a house out on one of the ocean cities, promised myself I'd take care of her. And then she called. She had the sweats. By then, of course, we knew, she knew. She kept the vid-link open right the way through. Didn't spare me a thing. I sat and watched it. The vomiting, the sores. I watched the flesh on her face melt in front of me. She died alone. That's why I'm here, C'Rizz. That's why I believe in Major Koth. And that's why I'll have your friends shot before I'll let them escape.

DOCTOR: It can't be blood.
CHARLEY: Well, it certainly looks like it.
DOCTOR: It probably isn't even red. In this half-light it just looks an admittedly rather nasty shade of claret.
(Distant voices.)
DOCTOR: Sounds like they're getting closer. Come on, we'd better keep moving.

QUILLIAN: Janto? Have you still got a trace on them? We're in auburn sector three.
JANTO [OC]: They're about twenty to thirty spans ahead of you. Make sure you keep branching left.
BRYN: They've been here. There are footprints in the soil.
JANTO [OC]: Quillian, the tunnel they're in, it's taking them to a dead end. You should be able to pin them down.
(Running boots.)

CHARLEY: Well, now what do we do? Looks like we've come to the end of the road.

DOCTOR: Not quite. There's a small pool down there. I wonder if this red water's safe?
CHARLEY: You really do think it's claret?
DOCTOR: No, but it might be the only chance we've got.
(Splash.)
DOCTOR: Feels all right, but I can't really tell.
(Big splash.)
CHARLEY: You want me to dive into that? It's only just about big enough to sit in.
DOCTOR: Looks can be deceptive.
CHARLEY: How do you know it even leads anywhere?
DOCTOR: I don't. Logically, it should.
CHARLEY: We could always surrender.
DOCTOR: What?
CHARLEY: Why are we running? These people, I don't think they're evil. Misguided, maybe, but I think we can talk with them.
DOCTOR: Hey, don't start with this again. They brainwashed an experienced soldier into executing his commanding officer in front of you. Does that strike you as reasonable behaviour?
CHARLEY: You don't know *they* did that.
DOCTOR: Listen.
(Distant angry voices.)
DOCTOR: Do they sound like they just want to have a cosy chat?
CHARLEY: But what about C'Rizz?
DOCTOR: We shall come back for him, I promise, but we won't be able to help him locked up in their brig again.
CHARLEY: Well, if you're sure.
(Water splashes.)
DOCTOR: You ready?
CHARLEY: Not at all.
DOCTOR: Excellent. Take a deep breath, Charley, and stay close to me.
(Two big splashes.)

JANTO: That's funny.
VAYLA: What is?
JANTO: They've disappeared off the scanner, virtually simultaneously.
C'RIZZ: Are they dead?
JANTO: No. No, I still get a residual reading. They must be shielding themselves somehow.

(Gasping and coughing in water.)
DOCTOR: Charley, you all right?
CHARLEY: Over here.
DOCTOR: Hang on, I'll come over to you.
CHARLEY: There's no land down here. We're no better off than we were before.
DOCTOR: That rock in the middle, can you see it?
CHARLEY: Yes.
DOCTOR: Head for it.
CHARLEY: Oh, what's that? I just swam into something. Urgh, it stinks.
DOCTOR: What is it?
CHARLEY: I don't know. It's rotting meat, like a dead animal or something. Urgh, there's quite a few of them around me.
DOCTOR: Help me to get one. Grab the end. That's it. Let's try to get it up onto that rock.

QUILLIAN: We've come to the end of the tunnel. There's no sign of them, Janto.
JANTO [OC]: I've picked up their traces again. They're in a cavern adjacent to you. I've got it as a dead zone on the maps because there's no way into it.

QUILLIAN: Well, you've got it wrong, then. There must be a way in.
BRYN: I think I can guess how they did it.

DOCTOR: Give me your hand, Charley. That's it. Now, climb up. You okay?
CHARLEY: Oh, that was disgusting. Not only does it look like blood, it feels like oil and tastes like sh
DOCTOR: Charley! Well, it's not the Mediterranean, I grant you, but at least we got away from our friends back there.
CHARLEY: Doctor, what is this thing? It looks like it should be hanging from a hook in a butcher's shop.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure, but I hope it's not bait for something that lives here.
CHARLEY: Now you tell me.
DOCTOR: Look at the water. There must be twenty or thirty of them floating in there.
CHARLEY: How did they get in here?
DOCTOR: Good question. Perhaps there's more openings under the water. I wish I knew what they were, though.
CHARLEY: When I was a child, my grandmother used to take me to a local artist once a year. She liked having portraits of us all. He always had a basic wooden model to work from, of a human torso.
DOCTOR: You know, I think you could be right.

DOCTOR [OC]: The limbs haven't so much been removed as eroded away. These skinned hunks of meat, I think they were people once.
KOTH: He senses the truth of things, but cannot see the detail.
VOICE 2: What should we do with him?
KOTH: Watch him. See how he responds.
VOICE: And then we shall break down his resistance.
KOTH: You have made your decision, then?
VOICE: He is our choice. He is a Time Lord. He is not of this planet. He is not of this universe.
VOICE 2: Why does he look smaller from outside his head?

(Splash, gasp.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, look. They've followed us in.
QUILLIAN: You two, remain where you are.
DOCTOR: Well, it's not like we're going anywhere.
QUILLIAN: You all right, Bryn?
BRYN: (coughs) I'm fine. Secure the prisoners. I'll catch you up.
CHARLEY: Doctor, now what do we do?
DOCTOR: I don't know. We don't exactly have options.

VOICE: He is concerned about the female.
KOTH: He cares for her. He is trapped, yet still believes he will escape.
VOICE 2: His mind is exquisite, constantly turning.
KOTH: He is accustomed to victory.
VOICE: We must teach him otherwise. He must learn that nothing is as it appears. Focus your thoughts.

QUILLIAN: You two seem pretty keen to leave. I take it you're not the real Dorin.
DOCTOR: Considering we've been abducted, taken underground and locked up against our will, why should I tell you anything?
QUILLIAN: Tell me who you are or I'll end this now.
CHARLEY: What's happening to the water? Oh!
QUILLIAN: Bryn?
DOCTOR: Charley, get back from the edge.
(Bryn is screaming.)
QUILLIAN: Bryn, get yourself up here.

CHARLEY: He's burning up!
DOCTOR: The water, it's as if it's become acid!
(The screaming stops.)
QUILLIAN: You did this. I knew it. A bioweapon of some sort.
DOCTOR: Don't be ridiculous. You saw what happened. We need to pool our resources, not argue.
QUILLIAN: Shut up!
CHARLEY: Mmmph!
DOCTOR: Let her go.
QUILLIAN: You, Dorin, or whoever you are. Jump. Jump or I'll push her in.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
QUILLIAN: I warned you.
(Charley screams. Splash!)

[Part Three]

(Splashing.)
CHARLEY: It's all right. I'm okay. It's just water.
QUILLIAN: What did you do?
DOCTOR: Nothing, I promise you.
CHARLEY: Then what happened?
DOCTOR: I don't know. It's almost as if it were deliberate.
CHARLEY: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: Another mystery to add to the growing list.
QUILLIAN: Stop babbling and get in there. The water's safe again. That means we can get back out.
(Splash, splash.)

JANTO: Vayla, I'm picking up their traces again, back in the original tunnel.
VAYLA: Quillian must have retrieved them.
JANTO: Hang on.
VAYLA: What?
JANTO: I'm only picking up three traces.
C'RIZZ: Can you tell which one is missing?
VAYLA: Quillian, what's happening? We're only picking up three of you.
QUILLIAN [OC]: Bryn's dead. I'll explain when I get back.
VAYLA: You said they weren't dangerous.
C'RIZZ: I don't understand.
VAYLA: Save it. We'll find out the truth when they get back. But you've seen how the Major deals with hostiles.

(Vehicle stops. That woman on the recording saying 'We miss you' can be heard. Footsteps.)
VAYLA: Major?
KOTH: Vayla. What brings you here?
VAYLA: Er, I'm sorry, Major. I didn't mean to interrupt. I'm afraid I have bad news. Bryn, the new recruit, there's been an incident. He's dead.
KOTH: Oh. What sort of incident?
VAYLA: The prisoners escaped. I still don't know the full story. Quillian's on his way back with them now.
KOTH: That is unfortunate. The sergeant was a good man. Back in my Fleet days, I'd have been happy to serve with his kind. He had a daughter, you know. He hoped she would pursue a career in music. She has an aptitude for it.
VAYLA: I didn't realise you knew him, sir.
KOTH: Oh, I wouldn't put it quite like that. Is something else the matter? You seem distracted.
VAYLA: We spoke earlier today. There was something important. About the mission?
KOTH: There was?

VAYLA: (doubtful) I'm sure
KOTH: Yes?
VAYLA: It's nothing. I'm mistaken.
KOTH: I understand your frustration. Our preparations here are nearing completion. Not just in this camp, but in the others, too. But we must remain focused on the task in hand, just for a few months more.
VAYLA: We're close, then.
KOTH: So close you can almost touch it. I just need you to be patient.

QUILLIAN: Here you are, Janto. Vayla's two prisoners for you. Try and make sure they stay put, yes?
JANTO: Not my job. I'm a scientist, not a soldier. All you have to do is find someone to stand outside the brig and stay awake. Or is that too much to ask?
DOCTOR: Gentlemen, please don't argue on my account.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: It's good to see you too, Charlotte.
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
C'RIZZ: I am well, and I'm please to see you're both safe.
JANTO: Major Koth, Commander
KOTH: What's been going on? Vayla here tells me you've been losing valuable recruits. Is that right?
QUILLIAN: No, sir. The prisoners are responsible for Bryn's death.
DOCTOR: That's not true.
KOTH: Dear me. Quite a difference of opinion. What do you think, Vayla? Do you believe your loyal and trusted subordinate, or Dorin here.
QUILLIAN: Sir, I don't know who this man is, but he's not Dorin.
VAYLA: I think it's true, Major. I haven't been able to verify their identities, and all our intelligence suggested Dorin was keen to defect.
KOTH: Janto. You were prepared to risk your life for them earlier. What do you think?
JANTO: I spent a while with the girl. I don't know who they are or what they're doing here, but I don't think they're a threat.
KOTH: Very well. Then they may go free.
QUILLIAN: But sir!
KOTH: No one is a prisoner here. If they don't wish to join our family, then they may have their liberty. Now, if we're all done here.
(Footsteps recede.)
CHARLEY: What was that all about?
DOCTOR: Good question. One I wouldn't mind an answer to.

VOICE: He does not understand. He is confused.
VOICE 2: (laughs) I can feel his mind turning the possibilities.
KOTH: His curiosity is his weakness, and he knows it.
VOICE: If we are to break him, we'll need to boost our strength.
VOICE 3: Then we must feed.
(All laugh.)

VAYLA: The Major might not think you're a threat. I'm not so easily sold. Be warned. Our internal surveillance is extremely effective. We will be watching you.
DOCTOR: Oh, come on, Vayla. Who are you kidding? Your precious leader has just given us the run of the camp.
VAYLA: And you would do well to remember that I am the second in command here.
CHARLEY: I'm sorry. He's just being childish.
DOCTOR: She's being a chocolate soldier, Charley. Her precious Koth steps out of the shadows, she jumps to attention with the rest of them.
C'RIZZ: That isn't fair. I've been watching them.
DOCTOR: You too, eh, C'Rizz?

VAYLA: You're wrong. This is not an autocracy. We are all here by choice. The Major consults us as a collective before any key decision is taken.
DOCTOR: How long has that been, since any kind of decision was made here? Look at you. What have you achieved since you buried yourselves down here? What plans have you made? What preparations are you actually making? I've seen armies of conscience before, Vayla. I've marched with the best of them against tyrannies you couldn't begin to comprehend. This, this is a mockery. Look around you. Look at your army. A rag-tag bunch playing at soldiers going through the same old motions with aging weapons that wouldn't last five minutes in active combat.
CHARLEY: Doctor, stop it. Just shut up.
VAYLA: Doctor? So, you really aren't Dorin, are you.
CHARLEY: He's not from the same planet as you. He's not even from the same universe. He's an imposter.

JANTO: What's the matter? Off your food, Quillian.
QUILLIAN: This isn't food. It's just muck scraped off the cave walls.
JANTO: You know, you are many things, stubborn, bad-tempered, but staggeringly stupid, and, in my humble opinion, offensively ugly. But, you are not subtle. Something is clearly bothering you.
QUILLIAN: Go away.
JANTO: You still haven't told me what happened to Bryn.
QUILLIAN: He. (sigh) He doesn't matter any more.
JANTO: Oh, he does. What happened?
QUILLIAN: We were chasing Dorin and the girl. There was water. An accident.
JANTO: He drowned?
QUILLIAN: No. It was Dorin. He did something. He must have shot him.
JANTO: They were unarmed.
QUILLIAN: Does it matter? I don't care what the Major says. Those two are dangerous. They murdered Bryn in front of me. If they're not Ondrokkan military, then they're terrorists. And that goes for their freaky friend, too. We should execute the lot of them.

C'RIZZ: Charlotte, may I join you?
CHARLEY: No. Yes.
C'RIZZ: I haven't known you and the Doctor long, but your betrayal's rather shocked me.
CHARLEY: It's rather shocked me, too. The Doctor and I have been through a lot together. He's shown me things I really never had a right to see. I should have grown up in another time and another place, and lived a life far less interesting. He's saved my life several times over. As for the sacrifices we've had to make. Why do I feel so angry with him?
C'RIZZ: Perhaps he has more in common with Major Koth that he'd like to admit, even to himself.
CHARLEY: Perhaps. But ever since we came into this universe, he's been different. He's become more judgmental and suspicious. Helping the oppressed, empowering the weak, it's what he did for elevenses. Now he doesn't even seem to recognise who the enemy is.
C'RIZZ: My people have a saying. Everything changes, but nothing's truly lost.

(Footsteps.)
VAYLA: You look lost, Doctor.
DOCTOR: And you look tired. Come to gloat?
VAYLA: What's the point? As usual, the Major's right. You and your friends, whoever you are, don't represent a danger to anyone here.
DOCTOR: What's brought on this chance of attitude?
VAYLA: Because looking at you, I'm not sure you have any fight in you.
DOCTOR: You may very well be right there.
VAYLA: And for some reason, the Major wants you alive and free. If those are

his orders, then I shall ensure they're obeyed to the letter. You should eat.
DOCTOR: That looks about as lifeless as everything else down here. What is it?
VAYLA: It's fungal compound that grows in the soil. Janto discovered it. It saved us a lot of trouble and effort.
DOCTOR: In what way?
VAYLA: Smuggling supplies from Ondrokkan has become increasingly difficult. But we ration this stuff and we cope.
DOCTOR: And you all eat it?
VAYLA: We don't have much choice. It doesn't taste particularly bad. In fact, it doesn't taste of anything at all, but it's kept us going for months.
DOCTOR: Has it now.

QUILLIAN: Aim. Lock. Fire!
(Energy weapons fire.)
QUILLIAN: Right, reload your weapons. Come on. You can do better than that.
JANTO: Your friend's a good shot. Lucky it's only target practice. Who'd have thought he could be so aggressive?
CHARLEY: He shouldn't be.
JANTO: Sorry?
CHARLEY: He's a peacemaker at heart. A kind of monk, I think. Probably never touched a gun in his life before he met us.
JANTO: Then he's a quick learner.
CHARLEY: I used to be like that.
JANTO: What, a monk or a quick learner? Or, a crack shot, even.
CHARLEY: Where I come from, they say travel broadens the mind. I think it's having the opposite effect on me.
JANTO: Let go. It's not too late. You've only been here a day.
CHARLEY: How'd you mean?
JANTO: It's not too late for you yet. You can still resist.
CHARLEY: What are you saying? These people are being held here against their will?
JANTO: No, no. They are all converts. But there's something about this place. Very few choose to walk away voluntarily. Revenge is a funny emotion. It consumes you until you lose yourself in it. Trust me, I know.
CHARLEY: But I don't want revenge against anyone.
JANTO: Then why are you here? Is this really what you want to do with your life? Look at them. They're like dead men walking. Is that how you want to be?
CHARLEY: You're sounding like the Doctor. I may look like an innocent girl to you, but I understand exactly what's at stake here.
JANTO: Go. Take your friends and go, now. Soon you won't even have the choice.

VAYLA: This is Janto's lab, Doctor. You're welcome to look at it, but please bear in mind that all the chemical agents are kept strictly under lock and key.
DOCTOR: What a nasty mind you have.
VAYLA: Use Janto's comm link if you need anything. But frankly, don't bother calling me. You've given me quite enough grief for one day, and I could do with some rest.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
(Footsteps recede.)
DOCTOR: And sleep well. Now then, there must be something that resembles a microscope in here.
KOTH: How nice to see you showing an interest, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What a nasty habit you have of surprising people.
KOTH: Oh, I shouldn't think much surprises er, a Time Lord, is it?
DOCTOR: Am I supposed to be impressed by that? Some cheap psi powers you picked up in a cheap flea market.
KOTH: What an irrepressible sense of humour. Doubtless designed to shorten my temper. I find it rather quaint. Explain to me this concept of Time. What is this realm you would claim lordship of?

DOCTOR: Now that's something I've noticed. No one on this planet anywhere understands the word Time. Oh, you all know the concept. Minutes, hours and the passage of Time, but you have no actual word for it.
KOTH: I should like to learn more, to understand. What exactly is a Time Lord, then?
DOCTOR: It doesn't matter. In this universe, I'm not a Lord of Time or anything else, for what it's worth.
KOTH: Oh, but it does matter. I can feel your emptiness. It's as if someone's detached your very soul.
DOCTOR: Time. It's the air that I breathe, the food that nourishes me, the very landscape I walk through.
KOTH: Fascinating. No wonder you're so keen to find your Tardis. A connection of sorts, I sense.
DOCTOR: Of sorts.
KOTH: A symbol of hope, that one day you can return to whence you came. We all need hope, Doctor. Perhaps you and I aren't so dissimilar.
DOCTOR: I very much doubt that.
KOTH: Oh, come now. I meant what I said earlier. You're free to go, as are your friends. If, of course, they want to go with you. Please, have this, as a sign of trust. It's fully loaded.
DOCTOR: No, thank you. I've never needed guns.
KOTH: You don't care much for our little operation, do you?
DOCTOR: I understand your loss. I understand your grief. But exploiting other people's pain and channelling their anger into a weapon? That's no way to broker peace.
KOTH: Oh, don't be such a hypocrite. Isn't that exactly what you've done yourself throughout your life?
DOCTOR: It is not.
KOTH: Well, whether you do or don't believe me, you are quite free to decide your own future.
DOCTOR: I'll admit this is a first. They're usually wheeling on the mind probes and thumb screws at this point.
KOTH: Then stay. You have over a thousand years worth of collected experience. You could be an invaluable resource to us.
DOCTOR: If I stay, it will be because I'm going to stop you. I will take you down.
KOTH: My dear fellow, I have no doubt you're quite capable of that. Goodness knows it's what you do everywhere you go. You've certainly quite a track record in that department. I repeat, you are welcome here. Nobody will try and stop you, whatever you choose to do.

(Footsteps.)
QUILLIAN: (distant) Vayla? Vayla, don't try and avoid me. I need to speak with you.
VAYLA: What do you want?
QUILLIAN: Just one moment to talk.
VAYLA: (sigh) I could really use some sleep. Is this important?
QUILLIAN: I gather you had a little chat with the Major earlier.
VAYLA: And?
QUILLIAN: Any news?
VAYLA: No. Why, should there be?
QUILLIAN: Well, that's twice you've seen him today.
VAYLA: No, I've only seen him once. It was a routine meeting. I, we talked. Look, this can wait.
QUILLIAN: What are you holding back? Why are you cutting me out? You're supposed to be in command down here, but you're making mistake after mistake. It's not good enough.
VAYLA: So?
QUILLIAN: So? So maybe it's time Major Koth thought about putting someone else in charge of the troops. Or do you know something, something important. What are you holding back?

VAYLA: Nothing. Get it into your tiny mind, he just wants us to be patient.
QUILLIAN: Patient? Oh, come on. He must have said something more than that. I'm sure it would suit you to keep us in the dark.
VAYLA: Quillian! Oh, ah.
(Thump.)
QUILLIAN: Vayla? Medical emergency in amber level two. Assistance required immediately.
(Taps her cheeks.)
QUILLIAN: Come on, wake up.
(Vayla groans.)
QUILLIAN: You men over there. Give me a hand.
KOTH: What's going on? What happened to her?
QUILLIAN: Major, I don't know. I was just talking with her and she collapsed.
KOTH: She's burning up. She's probably been pushing herself too hard.
QUILLAN: Take her to Janto's lab.
KOTH: No, he isn't a proper medic. I'll take her to my quarters.
QUILLIAN: But sir
KOTH: These caves weren't chosen at random, Quillian. Trust me, they have certain regenerative properties. It's all right, Vayla. I'm going to look after you.

DOCTOR: Junk. Nothing but useless junk. Barely good enough to make a chemistry set out of.
JANTO: I'm terribly sorry. Perhaps you've come to the wrong high security rebel encampment.
DOCTOR: Janto, my dear fellow. The very man.
JANTO: Oh yes?
DOCTOR: What can you tell me about this?
JANTO: Well, what's lunch's leftovers got to do with anything?
DOCTOR: Everything or nothing. I'm not sure yet. You have suspicions about Koth, yes? I heard you after that obscenity of an execution earlier.
JANTO: Something rotten's festering at the heart of this camp, I know that much.
DOCTOR: You're being manipulated, and by more than Koth's power of persuasion. My guess is, it's through this stuff.
JANTO: The soil fungus? How?
DOCTOR: That's what I'm trying to find out.
JANTO: Well, it's certainly flexible.
DOCTOR: Yes, I notice the little rig you've got in the corner. Don't tell me, it has mood enhancing qualities too.
JANTO: Well, like I said, it's flexible. Under certain circumstances, it has some interesting properties, but the processing plant on green level filters it. It's a perfect cheap food supply. The stuff grows naturally everywhere.
DOCTOR: And everyone feeds off it. Do you have a tissue sampler?
JANTO: Over here.
DOCTOR: That's more like it. Now, what have we got here. Fairly straight forward cell structure. Ah.
JANTO: What?
DOCTOR: That's odd.
JANTO: It's an evil mind-controlling cave mushroom?
DOCTOR: Not quite. In fact, not at all. It's a balanced combination of vitamins, minerals and antioxidants. In short, it's a nutritionist's dream.
JANTO: Well, I could have told you that.

(Engine noise.)
VAYLA: Major?
KOTH: It's all right, Vayla. We're almost there.
VAYLA: What happened? I feel so light-headed.
KOTH: There is nothing to fear. Be at ease. Very soon you will know everything.
VAYLA: I don't understand.
KOTH: Think of your sister. Think of Susa, how proud she would be of you now.

VAYLA: Susa? I let her down.
KOTH: No, you didn't. You mustn't think that. Shush now and rest.

JANTO: So it isn't a fungus. What is it?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. Koth certainly has telepathic powers, but I can't believe he's strong enough on his own to influence and control the entire base.
CHARLEY: Perhaps that's because he's not doing anything of the kind.
DOCTOR: Charley, you must listen to me.
CHARLEY: Doctor, stop it. I don't want to fight with you.
DOCTOR: I know you don't, and I suspect deep down you know you're not in control of yourself at the moment.
CHARLEY: What are you talking about?
JANTO: The Doctor thinks we're being manipulated.
CHARLEY: Oh, what a surprise. It's always some alien menace, some monster, some villain in a lair. Anything rather than actually have to acknowledge that he might just be wrong.
DOCTOR: Something touched my mind when I first came into these caves. Something incredibly powerful, and I can still feel its presence now. It's sitting there watching me. Not controlling, but watching me. And if it can break my defences, it can certainly get through to you.
CHARLEY: Oh, so I'm being controlled and you're just being watched, eh? Oh, well, lucky you.
DOCTOR: It wants to divide us. That's the nature of the enemy. But it can't. Not really, not truly. It can deceive your emotions, manipulate them, but not fundamentally change them. Think about it, Charley. Think about why you betrayed me earlier. That's the key to it.
CHARLEY: (angry) I need some time to myself. I just want things to be as they used to, Doctor. But right now that feels difficult.
DOCTOR: Charley, wait.
(Footsteps recede.)
DOCTOR: Ah well. I hate that feeling.
JANTO: What feeling?
DOCTOR: The creeping sense of guilt whenever a friend of mine suffers.
JANTO: But it doesn't sound like it's your fault. What do you mean, there's something in your head? Do you mean Koth?
DOCTOR: That's the fascinating thing. It's Koth, and yet it isn't.

(Footsteps.)
VAYLA: Where are we?
KOTH: Hush now. It's almost over, Vayla.
VAYLA: Where are you taking me?
KOTH: It is right that the truth is revealed to you. Rest here. Close your eyes. Relax. Let go.
VAYLA: Mmm. That feels nice.
(Background noise like a heartbeat. There is also water.)
KOTH: Can you taste her?
VOICE 2: Her guilt is delicious.
VOICE: But it has emptied her soul. There is no resistance. She has no real desire to live. How fragile your kind is.
KOTH: Then let us begin.
(His voice echoes, and the others join in, merging into a mass of noise.)

DOCTOR: I wonder where Charley's got to? Not to mention C'Rizz.
JANTO: There's no point in moping, Doctor. Trust me, I know all about that.
DOCTOR: Do you?
JANTO: Oh, yes. We don't exactly have much by the way of distractions down here.
DOCTOR: And what brought you here in the first, place, Janto? You don't strike me as soldier material.

JANTO: I lost someone in Baytara, too. I don't like making a song and dance about it. There are some down here who wear their loss like a badge, but that's not for me. It was my wife. I loved her. I mean, I just. I loved her.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry.
JANTO: So am I.

(Beep, beep, Footsteps.)
QUILLIAN: Yes, Major?
KOTH [OC]: Ah, Sub-Commander Quillian. How very appropriate. Let me put your mind at rest regarding Commander Vayla. I'm sure you must be very concerned.
QUILLIAN: Is she all right?
KOTH [OC]: She will be. She's suffering from exhaustion. Her natural desire to contribute fully to the cause has regrettably taken its toll. I'm sending her to the tertiary camp. She can recuperate there until she's ready to rejoin us.
QUILLIAN: Who will take her place?
KOTH [OC]: Well now, that's a very good question. I think there's only one real choice, don't you, Commander?

DOCTOR: How much communication do you have with your home planet?
JANTO: Very little. We can't risk giving our location away.
DOCTOR: But you must have intelligence reports. How can you plot a war if you don't know what the enemy's doing?
JANTO: Koth comes out of his cave periodically and brings us up to date. Although I'll admit it's becoming a rare event these days.
DOCTOR: And yet you're the only one who questions it. Come to that, you seem to be the only one who even notices it.
JANTO: I prefer pragmatism to idealism, Doctor.
DOCTOR: So why not leave?
JANTO: Now there's a question. Tell me this. Why haven't you left?
DOCTOR: Because there's a mystery to solve, questions to be answered. And because my friends are being manipulated, and I can't allow that to continue.
JANTO: With respect, that's rubbish.
DOCTOR: What?
JANTO: You asked me why I hadn't left. It's a question I ask myself every hour of the day. You say there's some mental force at work here, and I've always known deep down that something isn't right here. But even knowing it, I can't physically leave these caves. Whatever it is, is affecting me, and now it's got to you too.
DOCTOR: That's nonsense.
JANTO: Then try it. You made it to auburn level earlier. How did you feel?
DOCTOR: I wanted to find a safe area, somewhere to regroup and then find a way of breaking back into the lower levels.
JANTO: But you didn't want to leave, return to the jungle.
DOCTOR: No.

JANTO [OC]: And what about Charley?
DOCTOR [OC]: She kept trying to persuade me to turn back.
JANTO [OC]: Free will is an illusion down here, and you're just as much a prisoner as any of us. He's just toying with you, letting you think you have some independence.
KOTH: It is beginning.
VOICE: Then you know what must happen.
VOICE 2: What sacrifice you must make.
KOTH: I am ready.
VOICE 2: And if they come?
KOTH: Renewal.
VOICE 2: And then answers.

DOCTOR: But don't you see, Janto? If the only thing keeping you down here is an external influence, it can be broken.
JANTO: You don't even know what it is.
DOCTOR: There's a reason why Koth keeps himself secluded. There's no other way of reaching his domain without using the boats?
JANTO: No, it's totally isolated.
DOCTOR: Well, if we can't creep in the back door, we'll have to go through the front. If he can read my mind anyway, it doesn't make much difference.
JANTO: And when we get there? Assuming we avoid being blown to pieces, which, incidentally, is a very large probability, what exactly do you plan to do?
DOCTOR: I don't know the how or the why of it yet, but Koth's connected somehow. I usually prefer a more subtle approach, but maybe if we can sedate him, we can block the effect.

(Buzz of voices in background)
C'RIZZ: Charlotte, I don't like seeing you so upset.
CHARLEY: There was something the Doctor said earlier. It was important, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: So you're not cross with him any more?
CHARLEY: I don't know. Oh, I can't even remember why I was upset with him in the first place.
C'RIZZ: Well, perhaps you should speak with him again.
CHARLEY: I know it sounds irrational, but every time I go to him, I just get angry. And when I think about why I feel angry, I just feel confused.
C'RIZZ: Yes, I know. I don't have a personal investment in Major Koth's cause. I've never been to Ondrokkan. I'd never even heard of the place until we met these people. I don't know who their enemy is or whether their cause is worth fighting for. And yet
CHARLEY: You want to stay.
C'RIZZ: Passionately. Which surprises me.
CHARLEY: Something's wrong. Something is very wrong.

(Footsteps.)
JANTO: Quillian, how is Commander Vayla?
QUILLIAN: She's suffering from exhaustion.
JANTO: May I see her? I may be able to help.
QUILLIAN: No. She's been transferred.
JANTO: What?
DOCTOR: Where to?
QUILLIAN: What's it to you?
DOCTOR: Well, don't you think it's odd?
JANTO: Of course he doesn't. Do you? I mean, there's a fringe benefit to that, isn't there, Commander?
QUILLIAN: I regret Vayla's transfer. We can ill afford to lose more people. But I expect you to show some respect for my new rank, Janto.
JANTO: Oh, this must be a dream come true for you.
QUILLIAN: In what way?
JANTO: You've always resented her.
DOCTOR: We don't have time for this.
QUILLIAN: That had nothing to do with it.
JANTO: May I ask you something?
QUILLIAN: What?
(Punch! Thud.)
DOCTOR: You can't hit a Commander.
JANTO: No, but I can hit an idiot.
(Boat engine starts.)
DOCTOR: Coming?
JANTO: To my inevitable and certain death, if I must.
(Boat roars away.)
DOCTOR: How big is his island?

JANTO: It's big enough. Some of us think it might even be mined. We've always feared a direct assault by Ondrokkan troops. If the worst came to the worst
DOCTOR: Then we'll need to
(Nasty, painful noise.)
JANTO: Oh, ah! What is it?
DOCTOR: Koth. He knows what we're trying to do.
JANTO: Oh, it feels like, like my brain is vibrating to pieces.
DOCTOR: Focus. Focus on me.
JANTO: I can't cope.
DOCTOR: Yes, you can. Come on, Janto. I need you.

CHARLEY: Come on, C'Rizz. I need you to see this. I can't do it on my own.
C'RIZZ: I think I understand, but when I try and focus my mind, I can't hold the thought.
CHARLEY: I know it's difficult. Try and remember why you wanted to travel with the Doctor and me in the first place.
C'RIZZ: When I left my people, it was because there was so much I didn't understand about the universe. All my life I'd been examining peace, my contemplative duties. And then, then after L'Da, I wanted to see things for myself, or visit new places, experience other cultures, other beliefs. This place is the ultimate dichotomy for me. I want to be here so badly and yet it's against everything I hold dear. Look at me, learning how to use weapons, taking instruction on how to attack other lifeforms, allowing myself to be used as no more than a weapon myself. Is this really what I am now?

(The noise continues as the boat engine stops.)
JANTO: I don't think I can stand much more of this.
DOCTOR: You must. We're almost there now.
JANTO: Ah, ah. (silence) It's stopped.
DOCTOR: I wonder why?
JANTO: Ah. Perhaps that was just to soften us up.
DOCTOR: Perhaps.
JANTO: Consider me softened.
DOCTOR: Come on, this looks like the entrance to something.
JANTO: Doctor, look. On the bed.
DOCTOR: Hello, Major. I thought we'd drop in for afternoon tea.
JANTO: Major? Is he all right?
DOCTOR: No heartbeat, no pulse.
JANTO: But he can't be dead, he's looking at me. He just blinked.
DOCTOR: He's almost catatonic. Have you noticed something, by the way?
JANTO: The soil. It's everywhere here. It's like he's been lying in it. Where's it come from?
DOCTOR: That's what interests me.
VAYLA: (sotto) Janto.
JANTO: What was that?
DOCTOR: Over in the corner.
JANTO: Vayla. What's happened to her?
DOCTOR: It's as though her molecules have bonded themselves to the cave walls. Her flesh is dissolving into them.
VAYLA: Janto.
JANTO: I'm here. Can't you separate her?
VAYLA: Too late. Don't worry. No pain. Not now.
JANTO: Did he do this to you? Was it Koth?
VAYLA: We are so lost.
JANTO: I don't understand. What do you mean?
VAYLA: All for nothing. We've been used.
DOCTOR: What is it? What did you find out?
VAYLA: Beware (pause) the child. I'm sorry, Susa. So sorry. (exhales)
JANTO: Vayla! She's dead.
DOCTOR: But she's left us a clue.

JANTO: Beware the child? What the hell's that supposed to mean? There are no children here.
DOCTOR: It was something she discovered.
JANTO: But it can't be Koth, he's out cold.
DOCTOR: Is he? I can still feel a presence in my mind. What else is down here?
JANTO: Well, nothing. There's just these two rooms. And a storage chamber!
DOCTOR: Come on. The storage chamber. Show me.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: He's keeping more than old furniture down here.
JANTO: Ah, what's that stench? It's like. Oh. It is rotting flesh.
DOCTOR: This whole chamber looks like it's been lined with it. But you're wrong. It's not rotting. In fact, it looks very healthy.
JANTO: It's obscene. That's an intestinal tract. And surely those are kidneys.
DOCTOR: It's like Vayla. They all seem part of the actual wall.
JANTO: Oh, Doctor, it's moving. It's alive.
DOCTOR: Do you know, in a way it's quite magnificent. That's the heart, still pumping blood through these veins, across here, along here, right round the whole cavern. The oesophagus, lungs, everything perfectly intact and still functioning. These are the organs of an entire living being, carefully unpacked and preserved.
JANTO: But whose?
DOCTOR: More to the point, why?
JANTO: Shouldn't there be a brain? A head?
KOTH: A very good question, Byzar Janto. Does this answer it?
JANTO: Oh, no. I think I'm going to be sick.
DOCTOR: Koth. I should have realised.
KOTH: Welcome, Doctor.
VOICE: It is now appropriate that
VOICE 2: You join us.

[Part Four]

DOCTOR: Major, that looks like some headache.
KOTH: There is no pain. You are standing in what's left of my physical form, but as you can see, I live on.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure you'll ever play the piano again, though.
VOICE 2: What is piano?
VOICE: It is humour again. He uses it to express his fear.
DOCTOR: Care to explain who your two friends are?
KOTH: The voices you hear represent the mind of a unique lifeform. A being which has developed a very special relationship with this planet.
DOCTOR: I thought these caverns were unusual.
JANTO: What are you saying?
DOCTOR: Think about it. A lagoon where water turns to acid, caverns where living tissue can be absorbed into its structure? We're in the belly of the beast, Janto. We have been all along. One vast organism.
JANTO: But it must spread for miles.
KOTH: The creature can emit a low level telepathic influence.
DOCTOR: Let me guess. It convinces the local wildlife that this is a nice place for a nap, and then it ingests them, like a giant Venus fly trap. Quite magnificent, really.
KOTH: What you've been calling soil and water is merely part of the digestive process. Living tissue. An enzyme which helps break down the food.
DOCTOR: Food like Bryn and Vayla?
KOTH: Precisely.

CHARLEY: Come on, C'Rizz. We need to find the Doctor.
C'RIZZ: You think he can help?
CHARLEY: I don't know, but we can't just sit around here like a couple of

lemons.
QUILLIAN: Going somewhere, are we?

KOTH: When I first came here, these caves seemed perfect. Just what I wanted. Somewhere quiet and secluded. It had been so many months since I felt at peace.
DOCTOR: But the creature was slowly ingesting you. And then your minds touched. Of course. All that pain, all that grief. It was too much, wasn't it? You overwhelmed it. You drove it insane.
KOTH: You don't understand. Its telepathic powers were boosted, its intellect augmented. Our union created something of a unique power.
DOCTOR: Something that was never meant to be.
JANTO: But why carry on recruiting? Why maintain the pretence?
KOTH: Our wills are merged. Occasionally I have the upper hand, and at other moments it takes control. But the hunger, the need to feed, is overpowering, constant.
DOCTOR: A ready made food supply.
JANTO: Are you saying it ate Torin, Falma, Sula and the rest?
DOCTOR: It even fattened you up.
JANTO: The fungus. But what about the other camps?
KOTH: There are no other camps. There never were.
JANTO: No great cause, then. No great moral crusade. We were just snacks in the larder.
DOCTOR: One thing I don't understand. If you're just a disembodied head, who is the Koth we've seen around the camp?
KOTH: A duplicate, moulded from living tissue, given life by a fragment of my will.
DOCTOR: All he had to do was string you along, forever promising an ascension that was never going to happen.
JANTO: This thing is what brainwashed us?
KOTH: I walked inside your minds, tasted your emptiness, turned your weaknesses against you. In your case, Doctor, it was your curiosity, your certainty that you could defeat me.
DOCTOR: And with C'Rizz it was his idealism, his naivety.
KOTH: Do you know how much Charley needs to believe in you?
DOCTOR: And you twisted it. Twisted all that's good in these people.
JANTO: But what about me? What did you use against me?
(The Voices laugh.)
VOICE: Nothing.
VOICE 2: You don't matter. You have no taste.
JANTO: What's that mean?
KOTH: It let you be. It didn't need to do anything. You could have walked out whenever you liked, Janto. What keeps *you* down here is your own fear of loneliness.
JANTO: No.

C'RIZZ: Charlotte has a theory. One that has serious implications for the whole camp.
QUILLIAN: Oh, she does, does she?
CHARLEY: I think we're being manipulated in some way. I'm not sure how, but
QUILLIAN: Shut it! You don't fool me, either of you.
C'RIZZ: We don't?
QUILLIAN: I know what you are.
C'RIZZ: You do?
CHARLEY: (sotto) C'Rizz.
QUILLIAN: Peace activists.
CHARLEY: What?
QUILLIAN: Anti-war protestors sent here from Ondrokkan to sabotage us.
CHARLEY: That's ridiculous.
QUILLIAN: You're worse than the enemy. Gutless scum that barely deserves to

live.
(Weapon is armed.)

KOTH: The question is, what are we to do with you?
DOCTOR: You could always let me go. Let all of these people go. You came here with noble intentions, Koth. Part of you must still know this is an obscenity.
VOICE: We are hungry.
VOICE 2: We must feed.
KOTH: You do know I'm in your mind, Doctor. You genuinely feel you can reason with me. If you can't, you'll attempt to escape. And if that fails, you're prepared to sacrifice yourself and even your friends to stop me.
DOCTOR: You may be able to read me, but it won't stop me trying.
KOTH: Then we must look to other means. Janto, you can stop sulking and leave us now.
JANTO: I'm not going anywhere.
(The noise in his head makes Janto scream.)
KOTH: You are dismissed, Janto, or I will burn your mind out here and absorb you where you stand.
(The noise stops.)
DOCTOR: Janto, go find Charley and C'Rizz. See if you can get them out of here.
JANTO: What about you?
DOCTOR: I'll be all right. I'll see you on the surface. Just go.
(Footsteps recede.)
KOTH: A futile gesture, but his pain was becoming distracting. As indeed is yours, Doctor. Your concern for your friends is overpowering. Shall we see what's become of them?
QUILLIAN [OC]: Sent here from Ondrokkan to sabotage us.
CHARLEY [OC]: That's ridiculous.
QUILLIAN [OC]: You're worse than the enemy. Gutless scum that barely deserves to live.
KOTH: Just a small nudge of Quillian's paranoia threshold.
DOCTOR: Let them go. If you're inside my mind, you know I mean it. Let them go.
KOTH: How many monsters, villains, madmen have you overcome, Doctor? Have you ever really tasted defeat? Would you like to know what it feels like?
DOCTOR: If it keeps them alive, happily.
KOTH: Then watch.

QUILLIAN: What's going on?
(Guns holstered.)
CHARLEY: What do you mean?
QUILLIAN: Why aren't you two in the mess hall? You've had a hard day. You deserve some rest.
C'RIZZ: (sotto) Has he lost his mind?
QUILLIAN: Go on, get on with you.
(Footsteps recede.)
CHARLEY: What was all that about?
C'RIZZ: I don't know. Or maybe I do. Perhaps you do, too.
CHARLEY: I've no idea. One moment he was preparing to kill us, the next he's babbling about rest.
C'RIZZ: You must think I'm such an idiot that I won't notice what you're doing, asking your stupid questions. You're both in it together. You're both plotting against me.
CHARLEY: What?
C'RIZZ: That's it, isn't it. You've betrayed me to save your own neck!
(Charley makes strangled noises.)

C'RIZZ: Isn't it?
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, you're choking me.

KOTH: You see how easy it is, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Stop this, now.
KOTH: Very well, he is released.
DOCTOR: I don't understand what you want from me.
KOTH: I want you to concede. I want your absolute submission. And despite your best attempts to shield your thoughts, I still don't have it. Such arrogance. Such conviction that you will defeat me.
DOCTOR: I can't change my nature.
KOTH: That is open to debate.

CHARLEY: Oh, C'Rizz, are you all right?
C'RIZZ: I don't know. I can remember talking to Quillian, but after that, it's a haze. Why? Did I do something?
CHARLEY: No. You were just lost in thought for a moment. We were attempting to find the Doctor.
JANTO: (approaching) He's not here. He's with Koth. And if you ask me, he's probably dead now.
C'RIZZ: What?
JANTO: We have to get to the surface.
CHARLEY: But what about the Doctor?
JANTO: When I last saw him, he was talking to a disembodied head that's welded to a cave wall, only it's not a cave wall, it's actually a gigantic creature that's trying to eat us all. Oh, am I making sense?
C'RIZZ: Not in the slightest.
JANTO: Good. Then do me a favour. Humour a madman and come with me.
CHARLEY: We can't just leave him.
JANTO: (leaving) He said he'd meet us at the surface. Come on.

DOCTOR: Koth, if you can walk through my mind with such ease, you'll know that my sympathy is real. The creature you've bonded to, it would have had no preparation for the intensity of your emotions.
VOICE: You speak as if I cannot hear you.
VOICE 2: Why do you ignore us?
DOCTOR: I am not ignoring you. You must understand you are sick. Your psyche has been split into two separate personalities. You need help.
VOICE: What of you? You are riddled with pain. You claim I'm damaged, yet you feel despair, loneliness, guilt. Are these not intense emotions?
DOCTOR: That's different. I brought Charley into this universe. I blame myself for losing the Tardis. My circumstances can still change. You are an accident that was never meant to be, brought about by a freak set of circumstances.
VOICE: Why do you deceive yourself?
KOTH: You see, Doctor, even the creature recognises your hypocrisy. I can feel your pity, but finally, ever since my family died, I am not alone. My existence is at least honest.
DOCTOR: And you think mine isn't?
KOTH: Despite all the evidence to the contrary, you still believe in people's inherent goodness. Is that not the greatest lie of all?

JANTO: There are two ways out of the caves. One is the harder climb, but it's faster. Do you think you can both manage it?
C'RIZZ: Physically, yes. But what makes you think you can evade Koth's mental powers?
JANTO: Because I've never been under any telepathic influence, apparently.
C'RIZZ: Well then, why didn't you leave sooner?
JANTO: Well, that's rather difficult to answer.
CHARLEY: It's why the Doctor's staying, isn't it. He's trying to distract it, to give

us a chance.
JANTO: Well, perhaps. But if he's allowed that thought to cross his conscious mind, then we could have problems.

KOTH: You see yourself as an explorer, an adventurer who embraces the unknown. But you had become complacent, visiting the same worlds, the same species over and over and over. You are scared of this new realm. You don't know its patterns yet and it makes you uneasy. You are used to being a Lord, and here you are nothing. You're a fraud, a sham, hiding under a façade of confidence.
DOCTOR: Nice try, but sorry, not even close. You need to get out more, Koth. Stuck there like that, you've become positively bitter and twisted.
VOICE: He is attempting to shield his thoughts.
KOTH: Break through his barrier.
(The Doctor cries out in pain at the noise.)
VOICE: He believes Janto will save his friends.
KOTH: You draw strength from the concept of their safety?
VOICE: Then we will shatter it.

(Grelligs are squeaking. Charley is struggling.)
CHARLEY: Oh. Oh, those things are disgusting.
C'RIZZ: Oh, they're harmless enough.
JANTO: Oh, did you have to say that?
CHARLEY: Oh, they're forming into packs.
C'RIZZ: How?
JANTO: It's Koth. He's trying to stop us.

DOCTOR: Why is it so important to you, both of you, to break me?
KOTH: You think you're superior, but what do you know, cocooned and safe in your Tardis? You have two hearts, but what do you know of heartbreak?
DOCTOR: I'm a Time Lord in a realm where the term in meaningless. My pain has been infinite. Eight lifetime's worth. I left my world to travel, to experience the universe, but there's been a price for my freedom. Worlds I've seen subjugated or destroyed, friends I've lost. Don't tell me you've tucked yourself in my mind and you can't see that? Come on. There's something else. Some other reason for all this. You're frightened of me, aren't you. You think I'll destroy you.
VOICE: Your memories are awash with blood.
DOCTOR: I don't want to kill you. I want to help you.
VOICE: Then do not leave us.
DOCTOR: Why? What will happen if I leave? Of course. Koth's dying, isn't he. You've almost sucked him dry.
KOTH: It can't cope without me. We have become too co-dependent. It wants, it needs, a replacement.
DOCTOR: And you think destroying everything I believe in will make me submit? You poor, pathetic creature.

(Grelligs squeaking.)
CHARLEY: They're trying to pin us down in the corner.
JANTO: C'Rizz, I hope you were paying attention during shooting practice. On my mark. Fire!
(Energy weapons fire.)
C'RIZZ: Charley, stay behind me.
CHARLEY: Hey, you nearly hit me, C'Rizz.
JANTO: We're out of Koth's range. His mind must be freer.
C'RIZZ: Good.
JANTO: Not for us, it's not. You can't shoot straight now.
CHARLEY: Well, they're dispersing anyway. Well done, C'Rizz. Now put the gun down carefully.
JANTO: In fact, better still, give it to me. Ah. Thank you.

C'RIZZ: I hardly hit any of them. Why are they running away?
(Rustling noise.)
CHARLEY: What was that?
C'RIZZ: The soil, it's moving. That's what scared the grelligs away.
JANTO: It's coalescing.
CHARLEY: Into something rather familiar, by the look of it.
KOTH: Planning on leaving us?
JANTO: Koth?
(Weapons fire.)
KOTH: Oh, Janto. You really don't learn, do you.

DOCTOR: I can't take your place, Koth. The circumstances which created your condition were unique.
KOTH: You don't understand. Since I was absorbed, its power has multiplied. It's quite capable of ingesting you in minutes. But it's not just flesh that it feeds on. The rush of emotion has become addictive.
DOCTOR: The answer's no. My mind isn't as malleable as these Ondrokkans. There's no amount of telepathic manipulation which will work. You won't break me. You're already beaten. Your gambit failed. I'm not staying. And without the original Koth, the supply of recruits will dry up. It ends here.
VOICE: You would leave us to rot?
DOCTOR: I can't help you. You were never meant to come into contact with emotions so complex. In fact, the more I think about it, the more it seems an incredible coincidence that you did.
KOTH: Go then, Doctor. But before you do, there is something you should see.
(The Tardis materialises.)

CHARLEY: I thought you said he was a disembodied head.
JANTO: It's hard to explain.
KOTH: Actually, it isn't. Janto's telling you the truth. I'm not Major Koth, merely a facsimile.
KOTH 2: As indeed am I.
KOTH 3: And me.
KOTH 4: And me.
C'RIZZ: How many of them are there?
KOTH: As many as it takes.

DOCTOR: You made contact with her telepathic circuits, drew her below ground all those weeks ago.
VOICE: She is a noble being.
VOICE 2: Without the meaningless clutter of your minds.
KOTH: I'm sure you'll want to check she's all right.
DOCTOR: What have you done to her?
KOTH: Please.
(Jangle of Tardis key.)
DOCTOR: The key doesn't work. That's impossible. If your mental powers can persuade the Tardis to lock me out, then you really do have me beaten.
VOICE 2: Then you will stay?
VOICE: You will take the Major's place?
DOCTOR: Only on condition that you let my friends go free, together with everyone else down here.
VOICE: It is agreed.

(Babble of Koth voices.)
C'RIZZ: What are they going to do to us?
JANTO: If I'm right, you really don't want to know.
CHARLEY: Well, if we're to die here, shouldn't we go down fighting?
(Silence.)

CHARLEY: They've gone.
JANTO: They've reverted back to soil again.

DOCTOR: What's happening?
KOTH: Now that you've agreed, the creature has severed its link to me. We can finally talk alone, Doctor. The end shouldn't take long now.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry.
KOTH: It's gone, retreated into itself. Sulking like a petulant teenager because I'm dying.
DOCTOR: Is there anything I can do for you?
KOTH: This is the first moment since I came down here that my mind has been free. Please, just get them all out of here. I don't want any more deaths on my conscience.
DOCTOR: I'll do my best.
KOTH: For you, the danger is just beginning. The moment of transition won't be easy. I can feel its sadness. It doesn't want me to go. The creature has only tasted the grief of others. It has never experienced it for itself.
DOCTOR: Beware the child. I think Vayla was trying to warn me. It has no emotional maturity, no understanding of what it's experiencing.
KOTH: And out of grief will come fury.

QUILLIAN: Brown sector, come in please. Orvik, what's going on? You were supposed to report in an hour ago.
ORVIK [OC]: Sorry, Commander. We've been having some problems.
QUILLIAN: What kind of problems?
ORVIK [OC]: Well, there's a huge build-up of soil in the tunnels. Some of them are almost sealed off.
QUILLIAN: Well, shift it, then. Get it to the processing plants. We can use the stuff.

KOTH: I didn't want people to die. I didn't even want revenge. I just wanted to make things better.
DOCTOR: I know.
KOTH: It knows my death is close. You must be ready to step into the breach. I can feel its anguish. Doctor, listen to me. Not everything is as it appears.
DOCTOR: In what way?
KOTH: This creature isn't indigenous.
DOCTOR: But it *must* be. You can't transport a lifeform like this. Why would anybody even want to?
KOTH: Unless I am bonded to it. I know it is not of this world.
DOCTOR: So it *was* brought here. Just as you were, Koth. You do know this isn't Setarus, don't you? Or at least, this cave and some of the surrounding area is, but it's been carved away from Setarus and deposited here. Do you know why, or by whom? Koth? Koth, answer me.
(Rumbling noise.)
DOCTOR: Now, Koth.
KOTH: My soul went with my family. I've been a dead man on leave ever since. Forgive me.
DOCTOR: Koth.
VOICE 2: He's gone. My friend is dead.
VOICE: You must take his place, Doctor. Now.
VOICE 2: What is that pain? Why does it hurt?
DOCTOR: I can't give you what you want. I cannot replace him.
(Big rumble.)

CHARLEY: What's happening?
JANTO: Come on. If we can just make it through to the next tunnel, we'll be at the home straight.
C'RIZZ: The soil, it's expanding.

JANTO: We can still make it through, even if we have to dig ourselves out. Ow!
CHARLEY: What's the matter?
JANTO: Ah, it's burnt me. It's like touching acid. Look at my hands.
CHARLEY: Just like Bryn in the lagoon.
C'RIZZ: Get back, Charlotte. It's still expanding.
CHARLEY: We can't leave Janto.
JANTO: I'll be all right.
C'RIZZ: Charlotte, get back. It's coming out of the tunnel roof!
(Fall of soil, Janto cries out.)
CHARLEY: Janto! He's covered in it. We've got to help him. Grab his ankles.
C'RIZZ: Get it off his flesh. It's burning him up. Use your sleeve.
CHARLEY: Hang on, Janto. We're not leaving you here.
C'RIZZ: Look at the soil. It's moving again.

(Still rumbling.)
DOCTOR: Listen to me. Your feelings of loss and grief, they're quite natural. But replacing Koth with me won't take the pain away.
VOICE 2: You will do it. We will not be alone again.
DOCTOR: Koth would not want this.
VOICE: He loved his family, and they were taken from him.
VOICE 2: Now he is taken from us.
VOICE: You will keep to our agreement, Doctor, or we will consume all the flesh that still lives.

QUILLIAN: Orvik, what the hell's going on? I'm losing lifesigns all across the whole of Brown sector.
ORVIK [OC]: Infiltrators, they're, they're everywhere.
QUILLIAN: What are you talking about?
ORVIK [OC]: It's the Major.
(Static with people screaming in pain)
QUILLIAN: What's happening?
ORVIK [OC]: They're touching. It's lethal. Commander (screams)
QUILLIAN: Orvik? Orvik.
(No response.)
KOTH: Commander.
QUILLIAN: Major Koth, sir. There's been some sort of an incident. The surveillance cameras are down and the comms units aren't responding across the camp. Major? (screams)

(Quillian's screams are heard here.)
DOCTOR: All right, I agree. Just stop it now. Let them go.
VOICE: Put your hand against the wall of the chamber. The pain will be brief.
(Footsteps. The Doctor screams.)
VOICE: We will absorb your body. Your guts will line this chamber and you will use your Tardis to bring us more meats.
DOCTOR: No, there's another way.
VOICE 2: Another way?
DOCTOR: Let's see how you like a taste of your own medicine.

C'RIZZ: What's it doing?
CHARLEY: Probably trying to work out whether it wants Charley flavoured starters or C'Rizz shaped desserts.
C'RIZZ: Your wit is puzzling.
CHARLEY: I don't think you should spend your last moments worrying about it.
C'RIZZ: Stay still, Janto. You're lying very close to the soil.
CHARLEY: Here we go. It's forming into a shape.
DOCTOR: Hello, Charley.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Expecting someone else?

JANTO: How are you doing that?
DOCTOR: Trust me, you don't want to know. Let's just say I've got more of an earthy attitude these days.
CHARLEY: Janto's hurt. Can you do anything?
DOCTOR: Not here. Come to Koth's cave. That's where my real body is. And hurry. I don't know how long I can control this.
(Soil crumbles.)
CHARLEY: Come on, you heard him. We've got to get to that cave.

(Comms handset keyed.)
QUILLIAN: (in pain) This is Quillian. Commander Quillian to all sectors. Evacuate. This order cannot be countermanded. We have all been betrayed.
(Alarm sounds. Quillian breaths his last.)

(Background sound of a heartbeat.)
C'RIZZ: It's incredible.
CHARLEY: It's revolting. And as for the smell
JANTO: I did try and tell you.
C'RIZZ: Where's the Doctor?
DOCTOR: C'Rizz.
CHARLEY: What's happened to you?
DOCTOR: It's begun absorbing me.
C'RIZZ: We've got to separate you.
DOCTOR: No, it's the only way of controlling it. I might regenerate if I'm lucky. No telling what effect that'll have. How's Janto?
CHARLEY: He's in a bad way. He got covered in that soil stuff. His body's very badly burnt.
JANTO: Where's Koth?
DOCTOR: He's dead.
JANTO: Then the cause is over?
DOCTOR: It's finished.
JANTO: It should never have started.
CHARLEY: Doctor, the Tardis! It's back!
C'RIZZ: That's what we've been searching for?
DOCTOR: The creature overpowered its telepathic circuits, brought it here.
CHARLEY: Then we can all go?
DOCTOR: If I disengage, the Koth personality will reassert control, and this chamber will get flooded with soil.
C'RIZZ: There must be some way of sedating it.
DOCTOR: It's too powerful. I'm struggling to keep it suppressed as it is.
JANTO: I think you're all avoiding the obvious solution.
DOCTOR: No, Janto, I won't allow it.
JANTO: I dare say I can be fixed up, but what's the point? I don't have much to live for. My reason to live died on Baytara.
CHARLEY: That's nonsense.
JANTO: Let me take your place.
DOCTOR: Janto.
JANTO: You can't win every battle.
DOCTOR: No, I won't let you die for me.
JANTO: Then you're a fool, and your friends deserve better. Don't make me beg. Please.
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: When I break contact, just replace my hand with yours. You'll feel the creature inside your mind.
JANTO: I understand.
DOCTOR: Charley, C'Rizz, we'll only have a matter of seconds to get into the Tardis. Be ready to follow me straight inside.
VOICE: No, Doctor. You will not leave us.
DOCTOR: Now!
VOICES : Noooo!

DOCTOR: Come on, get inside.
VOICES: No!
CHARLEY: It's gone. It's disappeared!
C'RIZZ: I don't understand.
DOCTOR: I think I'm starting to.
CHARLEY: Look at Janto.
DOCTOR: The rate of absorpsion's accelerating.
(Heartbeat replaced by rumble.)
JANTO: No more pain, though.
CHARLEY: Are you all right?
JANTO: I can see your thoughts, Charley. I can see all your thoughts.
VOICE: What is happening?
VOICE 2: It burns. Why do I burn?
DOCTOR: Of course.
C'RIZZ: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Grief is what created this hybrid mind. Koth's sorrow was driven by feelings of revenge and anger, but Janto's something altogether different.
JANTO: Keren. Her name was Keren.
CHARLEY: What's he talking about?
DOCTOR: It's his wife. His dead wife. Don' t you see? Janto is the only person the creature didn't try to manipulate. His grief was fuelled by compassion, the one emotion even more powerful than Koth's rage. And now they're bonded, the creature can't handle the inrush of emotions. It, they, are dying of a broken heart!
C'RIZZ: We can't just leave them like this.
DOCTOR: Janto.
JANTO: Thank you. Didn't want to die alone.
DOCTOR: There's no need to die at all. Try and break the connection.
JANTO: No, this is my choice. But you do have something to live for. Get your friends out of here. Solve the final mystery, and perhaps you can be a Lord in this universe after all.
(Silence.)
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: It's over, Charley.

(Sounds of water.)
DOCTOR: How does that feel?
CHARLEY: Much better. You can't beat a good shower. The water's beautiful. Are you sure you don't want one?
DOCTOR: Maybe later.
CHARLEY: I'm not interrupting, am I?
DOCTOR: What? No, no, I was just, er, enjoying the sunshine.
CHARLEY: Doctor, I feel there are things still unsaid between us.
DOCTOR: Then leave them that way.
CHARLEY: I betrayed you.
DOCTOR: No, you didn't. The hybrid's telepathic influence was quite extensive, you know. From the moment we entered those caves, it was reading us, manipulating us.
CHARLEY: You're still my best friend. You know that, don't you?
DOCTOR: Never doubted it for an instant. Charley, just so you know, I'm very pleased that I met you.
CHARLEY: Thank you.
C'RIZZ: Doctor.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz. Nice to see you back to your normal colour.
C'RIZZ: Oh, it's good to be above ground again.
DOCTOR: How've you been getting on?
C'RIZZ: The camp's now empty. The last of the recruit's been evacuated. Only one thing remains to be done.
(Beep. KaBOOM!)
CHARLEY: You've sealed the caves.

DOCTOR: I think the Major would have approved.
CHARLEY: What about the recruits? What do you think they'll do?
DOCTOR: Well, who knows, but at least it'll be their choice. Life's for living, not brooding underground.
CHARLEY: That just leave us, then. Doctor, you still haven't explained what happened to the Tardis. Where did the creature hide it?
DOCTOR: Hmm, I'm not sure it did.
C'RIZZ: But it must have.
DOCTOR: Janto had bonded by then, and if anything he'd overwhelmed it.
C'RIZZ: Then where did it go?
DOCTOR: What happened here was more than simple coincidence. Just before he died, Koth implied the creature didn't come from this world.
CHARLEY: What are you saying?
DOCTOR: Whatever's going on here is no natural phenomenon. Somebody meant for Koth and that creature to come into contact.
CHARLEY: But that's obscene.
DOCTOR: Solve the final mystery, Janto said. I think this is a crucible world, like a giant laboratory, and they're just putting people into it, observing what happens.
CHARLEY: Who are? The Divergents again?
C'RIZZ: The what?
DOCTOR: Possibly. It explains why we've not been able to get to the Tardis. Its properties would be of immense interest to beings like them.
KRO'KA: My friends.
CHARLEY: That voice!
KRO'KA: My, my dear friends.
DOCTOR: Kro'ka.
CHARLEY: Doctor, look, through the trees.
DOCTOR: Another barrier, Kro'ka? Come to guide us through, have you?
KRO'KA: Of course.
C'RIZZ: And what if we don't want to go on?
KRO'KA: You, my friend, can return to zone Eutermes whenever you desire. But the Doctor and Charley here, I imagine they want answers.
CHARLEY: We want the Tardis.
DOCTOR: We want the truth, Kro'ka. Can you give us that?
KRO'KA: Possibly, Doctor. Eventually. But something is required in return.
DOCTOR: Which is?
KRO'KA: I'm sure you've realised that during the last few weeks, is that the word? Well, I'm sure you've realised that none of what you've been through is pure coincidence. There's a path you are following. Care to continue along it?
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'm game, Kro'ka. What about you, C'Rizz? With us, or back home?
C'RIZZ: You need to ask?
DOCTOR: Good.
CHARLEY: Good. That's settled.
KRO'KA: Off you go, then. That's right. Into the barrier. First you, Charley. Now you, C'Rizz. Right. And, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes?
KRO'KA: (sing-song) Time to go-o.
DOCTOR: Interesting turn of phrase there, Kro'ka. Whatever is on the other side of that barrier, whatever troubles we face, I'm holding *you* responsible for their safety, Kro'ka. You. And your masters.
KRO'KA: Allow me a question, Doctor. Just one. Why are you here, searching this particular universe?
DOCTOR: I had to come here to escape myself.
KRO'KA: Really? I thought you were on a mission, Time Lord. A quest. Tell me, What are you *really* wanting to discover at the end of this particular journey? What do you expect to find?
DOCTOR: Rassilon.